

# The Sketch

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ONE SHILLING.



## A RUSSIAN ARTIST'S PORTRAIT OF THE HOME-COMING DUCHESS.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK: BY SAVELEY SORINE, THE RUSSIAN ARTIST.

The chief social event of this week was the return of the Duke and Duchess of York after their tour. They were due to arrive at Portsmouth on the morning of June 27. Both the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry met their Royal Highnesses, and went on

board the "Renown" to welcome them home; while, when the Royal party landed, massed bands played, and the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth presented an address to the Duke and Duchess, who were received by the Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SAVELEY SORINE. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED).





# Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..

## TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT SUMMER CLOTHING.

AS regularly as summer comes round, bringing what is known as Summer Time with it, you will find rather nasty references in the Press to the falling-off in efficiency of the British Worker. This does not mean the Working Man; nobody ever dares to accuse him of falling off in efficiency! It alludes, of course, to that ever-patient beast of burden, the Middle Class Worker.

This is the sort of thing—

"Many employers are complaining that they do not find among the rank and file of their employees the same zest for work—the same engrossing interest in the prosperity of the firm whose success or failure means as much to them as to the directors—as would have been the case before the war. A listlessness would appear to have overtaken the staffs of nearly all business offices—a listlessness and apathy for which there would appear to be no explanation. Is England to lose her place in the World of Commerce because employees will not bring to their labours the keenness and loyalty which distinguished them of yore, and placed this country on the proud pedestal which now threatens to fall and is already tottering?"

The editorial writer then pauses for a reply, which I shall be pleased to give him. It is quite true that in the summer, and since the Great War, business staffs have not shown the same zeal for work as in the past. This, I admit, is true, but the reason is very simple. It is all a matter of the wrong clothes.

Take my own case. When I got up this morning, the skies were dull and lowering. A keen wind blew from the south-west. There was every indication of a cold and rotten day. Naturally, I said to myself—

"Curse the climate. I must return to my winter clothes. We get no summer these days. I will go to California and plunge head first into the picture-making industry. Heaven knows they could do with somebody to tell them how people talk and behave in England!"

By the time I had shaved and bathed—always done in that order, but reversed by novelists and dramatists in order to comply with convention—there was just

a hint of blue in the sky. Still, what was the good of that? The wind blew just as keenly. Only a fool would put on summer clothes on such a day.

So I dressed for March, and by the time I had finished dressing, it was so hot I broke into a perspiration. Now, had I been a City worker, I should have had to snap up my breakfast and rush for my train, and be supremely uncomfortable and bad-tempered and lethargic all day long. Being a person whose time is his own, as they say—somewhat of a fallacy, but no matter—I took off all the winter clothes and re-dressed for the perfect summer day we seemed likely to get.

There is the answer to the editorial writer who asks if England is to lose her place in the World of Commerce because employees

two changes of clothing in his locker, and would be allowed fifteen minutes to make up his mind what sort of a day he expected.

This is quite a serious proposition, by the way. All large places of business should provide lockers for the staff, if only that they might take off their wet boots and socks on rainy mornings and put on dry ones. The ex-soldier in charge of the lockers would then dry the wet boots and socks against the time arriving for the return journey.

The third remedy would be to start the business day in the summer an hour later. The answer to this suggestion will be: Then why alter the clock at all? Because on Saturdays and Sundays and half-days you would still get the advantage of the extra hour—if it is an advantage.

Years ago I urged, in another place, the abandonment of the starched collar and the black coat in summer time. I ventured to point out that a man in a loose shirt, open at the neck, and uncumbered with coat and waistcoat, would do far more and better work than the poor devil harnessed like a horse with a bearing-rein.

That article had some effect. The dress of the business man to-day is not nearly so stiff and formal as it was twenty years ago; but it is still too precise for the summer. In American offices, everybody works in shirt-sleeves. It is only a convention that they have coats made to their summer suits, just as in this country it is a

convention to have what is known as a "vest" made with a suit of "dittoes." (My tailor tells me that it is not compulsory to have a vest, but that the price for the suit will be the same, vest or no vest. So I have the vest, and there they hang in a row, like Bluebeard's wives, but newer. In fact, quite virginal.)

The sun is now high in the sky, and it is certain that the day will be a roaster. I must change once more. At seven o'clock in the evening, which is about the hottest time of the whole day in Summer Time, tens of thousands of men will be getting into evening dress, having deserted the tennis court and the golf course in all their glory. They will then sit down to dinner at (a nominal) eight, and somebody will pull down the blinds to keep out the blazing sun.

We may not lose our place in the World of Commerce, but we seem quite likely to lose our wits.



TIGRESS (to shy cub): "All right, darling; don't be nervous—they can't get at us!"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH," BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL.

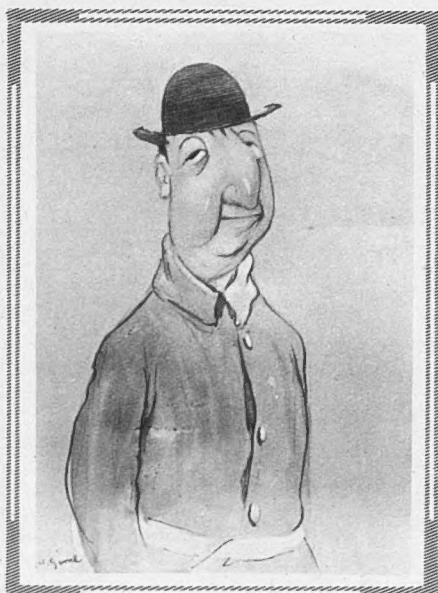
will not bring to their labours, etc. It is not the fault of the employees that they are not so keen as once they were. It is, I repeat, the fault of their clothes. You will never get the best out of a man when he is all hot and disgruntled.

What is the remedy? Well, there are two or three remedies.

The first is to cut out Summer Time, and give us back the old clock. I am not going to take sides about this. The majority of people appear to think Summer Time is a gift from heaven sent c/o. our Mr. Willett, and would vote for the continuance of Summer Time. So the discreet thing—which I am at last learning—is to leave out that remedy.

The second is to provide changing-rooms and lockers at all offices. Each man or youth—girls don't come into this, because they wear nothing in particular all the year round, and never really know whether it is winter or summer—would keep a change or





THE BREWER'S TRAVELLER.



LANDLORD OF THE SEA-LION INN.

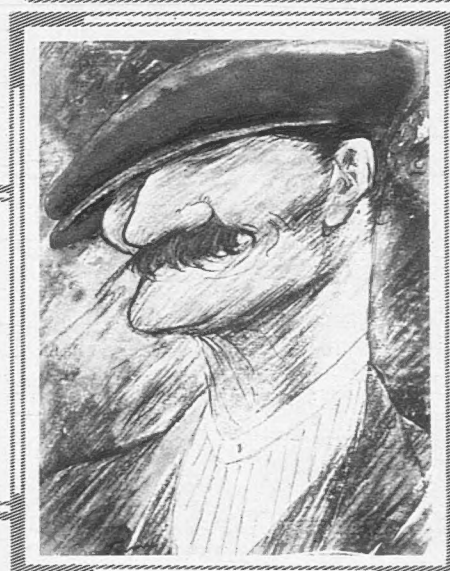


A SOUL IN THE WILDERNESS.



THE BARON'S BUTLER.

From a  
Caricaturist's  
Sketch-Book:  
Village Types—  
as Sime  
Sees Them.



AN EX-LIFE-GUARDSMAN.

Sidney H. Sime, the caricaturist and artist, whose fantastic drawings are so well known in this country, is holding an exhibition of works from his sketch books at the St. George's Gallery. The exhibits include a wholly delightful set of  
[Continued opposite.]

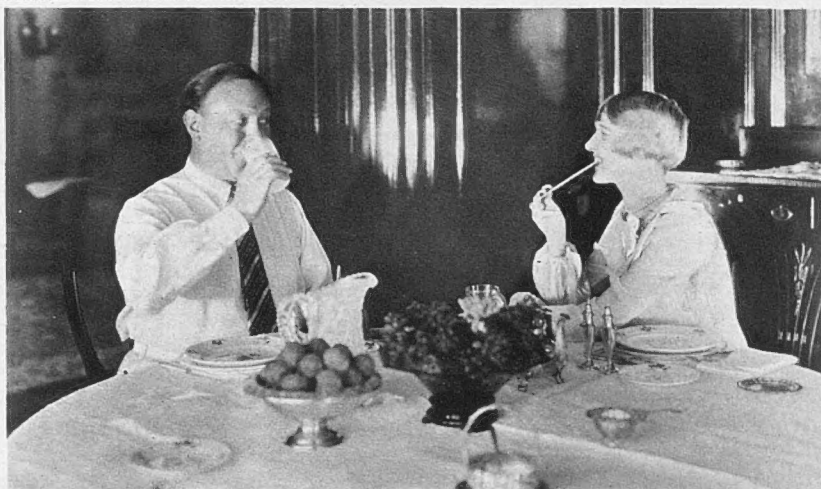


BRITISH BEVERAGE.

[Continued.]  
caricatures of village types, some of which are reproduced above. They have the genuine rural English flavour, and at once conjure up the Personalities who frequent the local bar of an evening in Our Village.



How Our  
Poor Little  
Rich Film  
Stars Exist!



No. XXX.  
Emil  
Jannings.

ENJOYING A TÊTE-A-TÊTE LUNCH WITH MRS. JANNINGS: MR. EMIL JANNINGS,  
THE PARAMOUNT CHARACTER STAR.



OUTSIDE HIS FLOWER-DECKED HOUSE:  
MR. EMIL JANNINGS OFFERS THE PICK  
OF HIS PET ROSE-BUSH TO HIS WIFE.



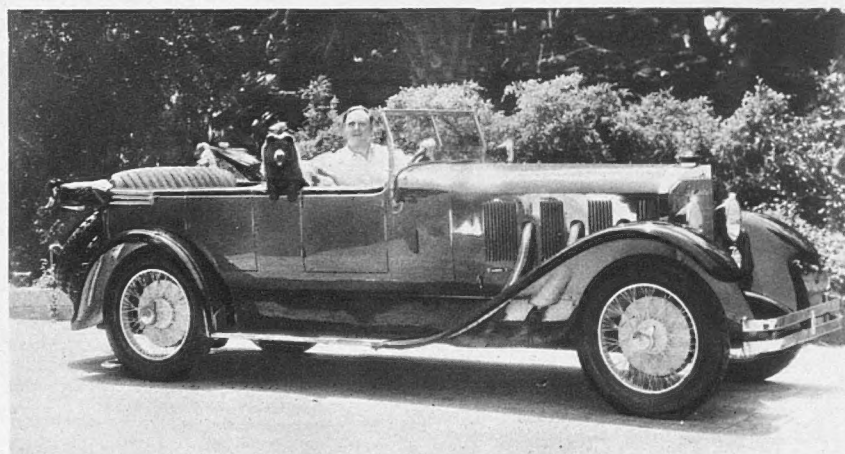
WITH LORA, THE PARROT WHO CAME TO  
HOLLYWOOD FROM BERLIN: MR. EMIL  
JANNINGS AND ONE OF HIS FAVOURITES.



WHAT SHALL I WEAR TO-DAY? MR. EMIL  
JANNINGS TACKLES THE DAILY TIE  
PROBLEM WITH HIS VALET'S HELP.



THE HOME OF A PARAMOUNT STAR: THE 'JANNINGS'  
RESIDENCE IN HOLLYWOOD.



AT THE WHEEL OF ONE OF HIS "STRING OF CARS": MR. EMIL JANNINGS  
IN A MERCEDES THAT WILL DO 125-M.P.H.

Mr. Emil Jannings, the celebrated character-actor star of the screen, recently settled in Hollywood in order to carry out his Paramount contract. He and his wife own a fine Hollywood boulevard residence. Mr. Jannings is a keen gardener, and is most successful. He is also an ardent motorist: he brought a whole fleet of cars with him from Berlin, and is a "speed

merchant" when he takes the road in one of his powerful cars. Mr. Jannings is fond of animals, and has various pets, including a chow, and a parrot, Lora. He obtained Lora through exchanging her for a monkey, and is most attached to the bird. She was with him in Berlin, but has settled happily in Hollywood, and is a feature of the Jannings' home circle.



THE MARRIAGE OF  
LORD BETHELL'S  
SON TO THE  
HON. SIR JAMES  
CONNOLLY'S  
SECOND  
DAUGHTER.

L. to r., seated—  
Miss Helen Hewson,  
Miss Veronica Connolly  
(the Bride),  
Miss Connolly;  
and, standing—  
Miss Jean Cowan,  
Miss Marjorie Connolly,  
the Hon. John Bethell  
(the Bridegroom),  
Miss Nancy Connolly,  
the Hon. William Bethell  
(Best Man), and  
Miss Joan Larkworthy.



THE MARRIAGE  
OF LORD  
SOUTHAMPTON'S SON  
AND PREBENDARY  
DRAKE'S  
DAUGHTER.

L. to r., standing—  
Miss Audrey Drake,  
Miss Marylee Pilkington,  
Miss Cicely Drake,  
the Hon. Charles Fitzroy  
(the Bridegroom),  
Mr. Walter Sale  
(the Best Man),  
and the Hon.  
Ismay Fitzroy; seated—  
Miss Mollie Maturin,  
Miss Fabia Drake  
(the Bride),  
Miss Janet Crawley,  
and Miss Nance Llewellyn;  
and, in front—  
Miss Barbara Drake  
and Miss Charmian  
McKerrell-Brown.

**FUTURE PEERS AS BRIDEGROOMS: BETHELL—CONNOLLY AND FITZROY—DRAKE.**

The marriage of the Hon. John Bethell, elder surviving son of Lord and Lady Bethell, to Miss Veronica Connolly, second daughter of the Hon. Sir James Connolly, Agent-General for West Australia, and Lady Connolly, was celebrated at Brompton Oratory. The bride was attended by six bridesmaids, who included her sisters, the Misses Cassi, Marjorie, and Nancy Connolly. After the ceremony Lady Connolly held a reception at her house in Cadogan Square.—The marriage of the Hon. Charles Fitzroy,

only son of Lord and Lady Southampton, to Miss Fabia Drake, daughter of Prebendary and Mrs. Drake, was celebrated at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bride was attended by six grown-up maids, who included the bridegroom's sister, the Hon. Ismay Fitzroy; and his niece, Miss Charmian McKerrell Brown, was one of the train-bearers. After the ceremony Mrs. Drake held a reception at 41, Belgrave Square, and the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Fitzroy left for a honeymoon in Ireland.

Photographs by Vandyk and Bassano.









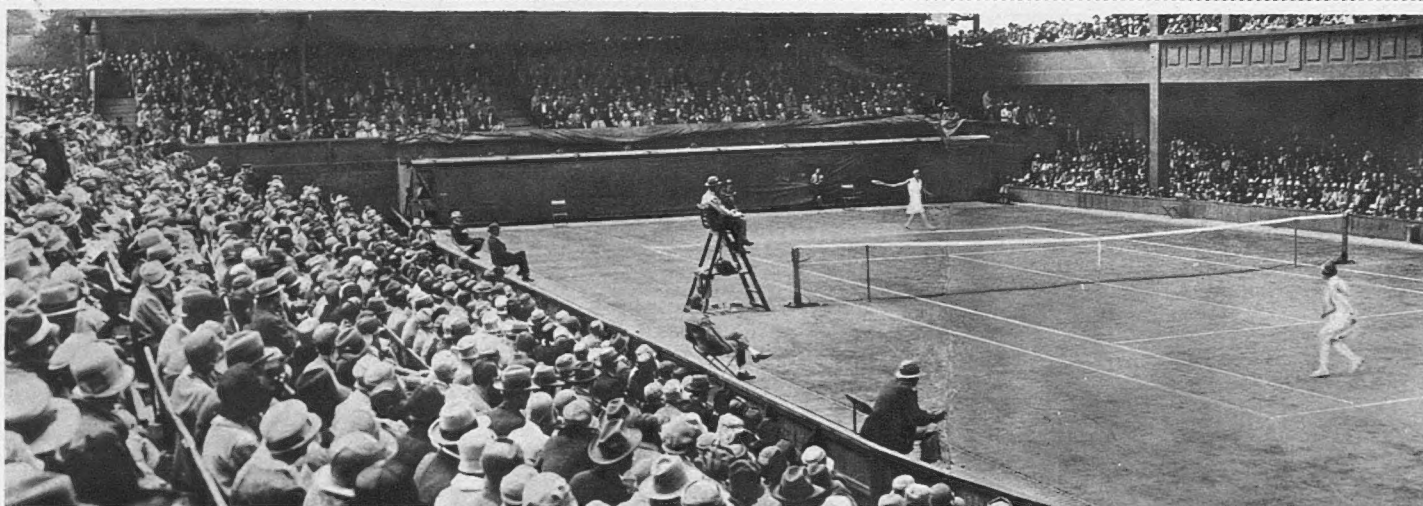
THE YOUNG GERMAN PLAYER:  
FRÄULEIN AUSSEM, IN PLAY AGAINST  
MISS BETTY NUTHALL.



THE PERILS OF THE SLIPPERY GRASS COURT:  
FRÄULEIN AUSSEM TAKES A TOSS.



SHAKING HANDS WITH FRÄU-  
LEIN AUSSEM, AFTER DEFEATING  
HER: MISS BETTY NUTHALL.



THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD ENGLISH HARD COURT CHAMPION BEATS THE AMERICAN CHAMPION: MISS BETTY NUTHALL (R.)  
IN PLAY AGAINST MRS. MALLORY (L.)



BEFORE THE MATCH: MRS. MALLORY,  
THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, AND MISS  
BETTY NUTHALL.



SHOWING THE BARE-LEG FASHION SHE AFFECTS:  
MISS TAPSCOTT, THE COURAGEOUS AND ACTIVE  
SOUTH AFRICAN PLAYER.



RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS FROM  
SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ: MISS  
BETTY NUTHALL.

## "BETTY" BEATS THE AMERICAN CHAMPION AND THE GERMAN GIRL.

The chief "thrill" of Wimbledon last week was provided, by the progress of Miss Betty Nuthall in the ladies' singles. This sixteen-year-old player first met Fräulein Aussem, and beat her 6-3, 6-2; and in the next round found herself face to face with Mrs. Mallory, the American champion, and a player of great experience. She lost the first set 2-6, but she was never intimidated into playing a "stone-

wall" game or taking a defensive rôle. In the second set she continued to hit hard; but her shots did not go out, and she gave a magnificent display of lawn-tennis, winning 2-6, 6-2, 6-0.—Miss Tapscott entered the ladies' doubles as Mrs. Lambert Chambers's partner, and was knocked out of the singles by Mrs. Godfree. The British champion, however, found her most pertinacious.

Photographs by S. and G., G.P.U., Photopress, T.P.A., and I.B.



# MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY



LAST week was a wildly busy and hurried one from the social point of view. To begin with the dances, Lord Ebury's ball for his daughter, Miss Betty Grosvenor, was most successful. Everything went with a swing, largely owing to the host's energy, for he superintended all the arrangements himself.

Lord Ebury stood at the top of the stairs with Miss Grosvenor, who looked charming in a frock of cyclamen-mauve satin with a little embroidery on the bodice; while the skirt was covered with chiffon in handkerchief points; and neither he

latter in pale-gold beaded flounces; and sitting watching the dancers I noticed the Duchess of Norfolk, in black and silver; Lady Wolverton, in pale amber; Mrs. Arthur James, in grey opalescent paillettes; and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, looking beautiful in white satin and a high bandeau. Lady Zia Wernher, in a beaded white frock, came with Lady Carlisle, the latter in pink lace; and I also met Lord and Lady Airlie.

It is not often that one sees such a *chambree* of beautiful Eastern dress as at Lady Birkenhead's reception for Indian ladies. With their elaborate *saris*, gorgeous eyes (in some cases deeply darkened with kohl), and fine jewels, including here and there a diamond fixed to the nostril, and sometimes a red caste-mark between the eyebrows to mark the married state, the guests made a lovely picture.

Lady Birkenhead wore a red patterned *crêpe-de-Chine*, and had Lady Eleanor Smith, in green printed *crêpe-de-Chine*, and little Lady Pamela to help her receive. During the afternoon Lady Cave, in black and white, and Lady Lavery, in pale heliotrope, with a purple straw hat, and other friends looked in.

Sport ruled our life by day this last week, for the thrill of Wimbledon lured us from our lunches and triumphed over the discomfort of very hard benches and very limited leg-room for the long of limb! On the opening day Lady Oxford was in the Royal box, applauding with enthusiasm, and commenting on the play to Lord Balfour, who never seems to miss a point, and makes full use of his

and-beige; and everyone was admiring the lovely Maharanee of Cooch Behar, in her Indian dress of orange-and-gold.

Lady Bailey judged the ladies' hunters—such a strong class they were; and we all admired the winner, Mrs. Connell's fine chestnut, ridden by the owner. The feminine turn-outs in this class were all very *chic*, and perfect in every detail. Mrs. Vivian Williams, who rode her mare, and was second, looked smart in a brown habit; and Lady Helen McCalmont had a natty pale-primrose waistcoat with her blue habit. The jumping for the King's Cup was thrilling, and though we all hoped for a win for Colonel Malise Graham's old Broncho, no one could help but admire Lieutenant Bizard's faultless round, or his attractive mare, Quinine.

In the evening, Olympia was very smart, too, and there was a notable assembly of hunting folk the night of the Handy Hunter competition. How well the women rode! I specially admired Lady Helen McCalmont's performance, as she rode a difficult horse extremely well; and Miss Davidson, the fifteen-year-old competitor, is a most accomplished horsewoman. Mrs. Sam Marsh, who competed in the hacks' class, looked simply lovely, and showed her horse beautifully.

Lady Ebrington, who helped Lord Lonsdale to judge the hacks' class, made a charming figure in the ring in her black lace evening frock with green chiffon flowers at waist and shoulder; and the



1. Mariegold had heard so much discussion about the eclipse that is to occur this week in some remote village that she decided she had better learn all there is to be learnt about eclipses. The first thing to do was to buy a book on the subject. Mariegold was surprised to find that such a lot of people had written books all about eclipses, but she bought all the nice-looking ones she could see, and one or two other oddments, such as a globe, that seemed to be necessary for the proper study of astronomy.

nor his daughter had a chance of dancing until after supper, so continuous was the stream of guests who kept on arriving. A number came on from the Court, including Mme. Paravicini and Mme. Van Swinderen, but both had removed their feathers and veils, and the former had changed her dress, too.

White is the most fashionable colour of the moment for the evening, and many of the best-dressed women were wearing it, including Lady Wimborne, who had a dress with a kind of corselet of silver paillettes; Lady Curzon (of Kedleston), whose frock was a fringed affair; and Miss Diana Skeffington, in a *jeune fille* gown of georgette, with pin tucks. Pink was second favourite. Lady Stanley had an attractive dress of this shade with a series of narrow bead fringes; Mrs. Walter Burns was in a geranium colour; and Lady Brecknock, Mrs. Robert Jenkinson, and Mrs. Edward Rice were other rose-clad dancers. The last-named was partnered by her husband, and looked so happy.

Lady Massereene was smart in black velvet; and Lady Blandford also wore black, her dress being fringed in rather the same style as Mrs. Corrigan's silver model. The latter, by the way, was dancing with her husband when I saw her. Lord and Lady Wodehouse came together, the

opera-glasses.

I admired Lady Oxford's striking black-and-white pony coat, which she wore with a black felt skull-cap, while the rug across her knees was of identically the same "pony" as her wrap. An original idea, which may lead to us all carrying plaids to match our suitings, these chilly June days! Another lawn-tennis "fan" I noticed was Lady Cranborne, in a navy-blue suit with a becoming sky-blue shirt; and good-looking Miss May Vickers was there in a dull red hat. Ex-King Manoel arrived in time to see Helen Wills step on to the centre court.

Olympia drew us too. It was at its very smartest on Monday for the Gala Day, when the King and Queen were present, her Majesty dressed in hydrangea-blue and soft pink to match the floral decorations of the ring. The boxes were packed with well-known people. I caught a glimpse of Lord and Lady Airlie, the latter in pink-



2. But the books weren't half so amusing as books about such jolly little things as stars should be. In fact, they were dreadfully boring, and full of long words which Mariegold had never even heard of before. Asteroids, for example. And constellations. What were they? She concentrated on them till her brain became quite numb. Conteroids and Astellations. . . . And then Mariegold found herself right in the midst of it all; but the world seemed to be absurdly small, and everything was going round and round.



audience included the George Paynters, with Mrs. Hunloke and Lady Blanche Douglas. The latter was still in riding kit, but she slipped off her hat when she took her seat in the audience.

The end of the Covent Garden Opera season is rather sad, as the performances have been excellent this year, and frantic enthusiasm greeted the last evenings. At "Tosca" I saw Lady Wodehouse in a fine ermine wrap over pink lace, with her fair hair brushed in the fashionable "long

exhibition of photographs by Miss Olivia Wyndham and Mr. Curtis Moffat, and found these camera-portraits, which are genuine works of art, displayed in beautifully furnished rooms in Soho Square—to prove, Miss Wyndham explained to me, that photographs need not be ruled out as decoration in an artistically arranged room.

Quite a number of lunch-parties were given for the opening day of the exhibition, Lady Pollock arriving with her party punctually at three. Plenty of the originals of the photographs displayed were to be seen, including Lady Portarlington, looking much more lively than she does in her portrait, and dressed in navy-blue and white. Lady Mary Strickland, in a small gold hat, was talking to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and both the Sitwell brothers arrived early. Lady Wemyss, Lady Plymouth, Lady Cynthia Asquith, Lady Serena James, and Mrs. Leslie Jowitt were all among the visitors.

I enjoyed a very musical day on Wednesday, as in the afternoon I went to the Grotto Hall to hear Sir Landon Ronald's nephew, Mr. Sheridan Russell, the young 'cellist, and Miss Adelaide Rind, give their recital. Mr. Russell is the son of the well-known singing teacher, Mr. Henry Russell, and I admired the delicacy with which he played Schubert and Schumann. He is only nineteen, and has a future before him. Miss Rind is a light, clear soprano, and sang, among other things, a group of old English songs. Many musical people were at the recital, including Baroness de Lynden.

In the evening, Mrs. Bossom gave a really wonderful *musical* at her house in Charles Street, with Arthur Rubinstein and Adila Fachiri as the artists. A perfect feast of music, and the audience was a really appreciative one, and sat in silence, savouring the concert with ecstasy. Mrs. Bossom wore one of the new picture dresses—a most attractive affair of black taffeta, with a full skirt adorned with old-world quillings of rose-coloured velvet ribbon; and the audience included Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, in blue, with lovely diamonds and emeralds; Lady Falmouth, Sir Alfred and Lady Mond, and many other well-known folk. The feather fan is enjoying a revival this season, and all the best-dressed women carried them, while picture dresses were much to the fore.

Mrs. Ernest Guinness has a genius for making a ball a success, and certainly what helped to this end the other night were the pretty cotillion favours which were distributed just before supper. These—obviously straight from Paris—consisted of pretty little dolls, tall staves topped with giant paper roses, marguerites, and cornflowers, and tiny little felt and straw hats provided with a chin-strap of elastic, which enabled their wearers to appear either *chic* or comic, according to their moods. Mrs. Guinness (who received with her husband and her eldest daughter) looked very well

in a frock of paillettes both gold and silver in coat of mail, and there were sash-ends each side in tulle of amber colourings. Miss Aileen Guinness had a very pretty dress of Nattier blue, with a jumper bodice of paillettes in blue and pink; and her sister Maureen wore an attractively fluffy frock of black tulle with a waist-belt of pale-blue ribbon. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, who had dined at 17, Grosvenor Place first, was one of those dancing till late, and she wore a becoming dress of bright-silver brocade edged with transparent silver lace. Lady May Cambridge (whose brother, Lord Trematon, was also there) wore vieux-rose edged with silver; and among other girls I met during the evening were Miss Betty Grosvenor (with her father, Lord Ebury), Lady Lettice Lygon, in black, with flounce effect; Lady Millicent Tylour (accompanied by her brother, Lord Bective), in dark-blue georgette; and the Ruthven twins, wearing jade-green taffetas embroidered in red and pink flowers.

The veteran Lord Iveagh, wearing the broad ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick, was present; and I also saw Mrs. Rupert Beckett, in a smart frock of dark-red and oxydised shades, who had her daughter, Pamela, in red chiffon, with her; Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, in dark-red lace, and wearing a lovely new Cartier brooch in a quaint Egyptian design, in diamonds, onyx, and rose enamel, which had just been given her by her godmother; and Lady Wodehouse, who was another wearer of red lace. Lord and Lady Dufferin were together, the latter in a very *chic* frock of brown tulle banded with gold tissue; the Duchess of Buccleuch was sitting chatting with that amusing man, the Dutch Minister; Lord and Lady Winterton were also together, the latter in a dress of black satin; Mme. Paravicini came on from the Court in her dress of white and gold paillettes, but had removed her feathers.—MARIEGOLD.

With regard to the photographs of the Hon. Alison and Margaret Ruthven which appeared in our last issue, we have received information that these photographs were not intended for publication. Needless to say, they would not have appeared in our pages had we been aware of this fact, and we much regret any annoyance that may have been caused to anyone concerned.



3. Mariegold felt awfully small herself. Everything else was so huge, and seemed to be coming closer, till she felt suffocated. Something gripped her round the waist, and she knew it was an asteroid, and it got darker, darker, darker.

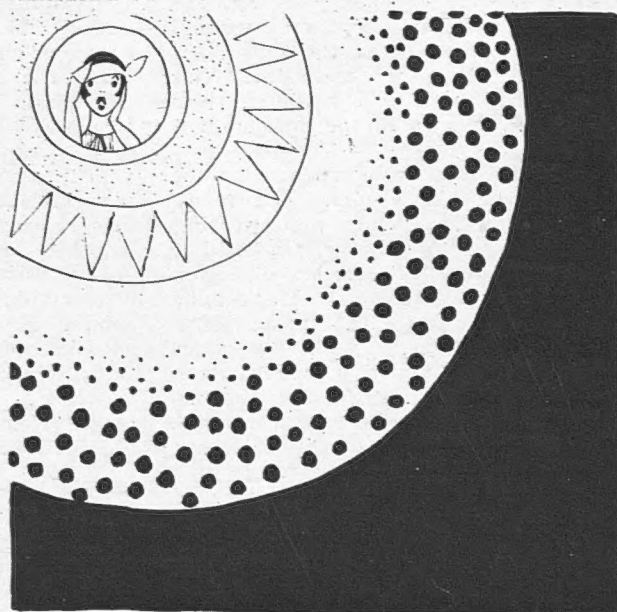
shingle." The Baron Scarpia of the opera was Signor Stabile, who gave a recital the following evening at Mrs. Samuel Courtauld's Portman Square house, where a feast was provided for music-lovers. The hostess, who received in the green Adam drawing-room, wore a pale-pink dress with diamanté shoulder-straps. Sir Alfred and Lady Mond were among the first arrivals. The latter wore her emeralds with an exquisite cream frock embroidered in green beads. Lord Burnham stood talking to Sir Alfred until the hostess persuaded them that there was plenty of room in the music-room, where Beveridge Webster was playing Chopin in a most seductive manner.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell made a typically dramatic entrance during an interval. She wore black lace and a Spanish comb, and I saw her later at supper with Mr. Fulton Leser, the American art expert, and Mrs. Ernest Thesiger, whose grey *moiré* picture dress literally swept the floor.

But to return to the Opera. What will the "regulars" like ex-King Manoel and Queen Augusta, and Lady Ravensdale, do now that there is no Covent Garden to attend at night? They must have got so thoroughly accustomed to driving off there every evening during the last eight weeks that they will be quite lost!

The Grand Duke Michael came with Countess Torby to hear "Carmen" on the Monday; and I saw Lady Curzon wearing a silver dress under a gold lamé cloak, looking lovely, but a little ethereal. Sir Alfred and Lady Mond were in a box (the latter with a flat diamond ornament very low on her forehead), and were accompanied by Lady Erleigh, who looked very well and extremely youthful in pale pink.

I looked in on Tuesday to see the



4. What a relief to find oneself at home, among familiar objects, in a sane world. At least, more or less sane, though there are some things Mariegold really cannot understand. Why, for instance, should everybody make such a fuss over an eclipse? It just gets dark, and then it gets light again, and that's all!





BEATING TIME FOR THE STUDENTS AS THEY SANG:  
H.M. THE QUEEN AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.



AT FOLKESTONE: THE HON. MRS. "VANDY" BEATTY,  
WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN TRAINER.



AT WINDSOR RACES: THE COUNTESS OF  
CARNARVON AND CAPTAIN DEREK MURPHY.



A LITERARY HOUSE-PARTY AT CUT MILL, BOSHAM: SECOND ROW, SEATED, L. TO R.—MR. NIGEL  
PLAYFAIR, MISS EDNA BEST, MISS TENNYSON JESSE (HOSTESS), AND MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.



AT OLYMPIA: LADY EDWARD GROSVENOR WITH  
HER DAUGHTER, BEATRICE, ON FLIRT.

## MAJESTY AND MUSIC; A LITERARY HOUSE

When her Majesty the Queen visited University College to inaugurate the Centenary celebrations, she beat time as the students sang their University songs.—The Hon. Mrs. "Vandy" Beatty is Lord Southampton's second daughter. The marriage of her brother, the Hon. Charles Fitzroy, to Miss Fabia Drake, is illustrated on another page.—Miss Martin, who played Miranda in the O.U.D.S. production of "The Tempest," is the first woman student to play in an O.U.D.S. production.—The Hon. Ursula Spencer is the younger daughter of Viscount

Photographs by B.I., Alfieri, Speaight, G.P.U.,





THE FIRST FEMININE UNDERGRADUATE TO PLAY IN THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION: MISS MARTIN (SOMERVILLE) AS MIRANDA.



AT WINDSOR RACES: MISS RAPHAEL, THE HON. URSULA SPENCER, AND THE HON. MRS. TUFTON.



IN THEIR COURT DRESSES: LADY JARVIS, WITH THE MISSES JOYCE AND BRENDA JARVIS.



AT WINDSOR RACES: SIR "SCATTERS" WILSON (R.), MARCHIONESS CURZON, AND A FRIEND.



WATCHING THE POLO AT HURLINGHAM: COUNT POTOCKI, LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, LADY WODEHOUSE, AND THE DUCHESS OF PENARANDA (L. TO R.).

## PARTY; AND PICTURES OF SPORTING SOCIETY.

Churchill.—Lady Jarvis, the wife of Sir John Jarvis, first Baronet, presented her daughters, the Misses Joyce and Brenda Jarvis, at the Third Court.—Cut Mill, Bosham, is the country home of Mr. H. M. Harwood, the playwright, and Mrs. Harwood (better known by her pen-name of Miss Tennyson Jesse). In the front of the group, Mr. Alan Bott, Editor of the "Graphic," may be seen holding the Sealyham; and Bisto, the Alsatian, is doing his best to spoil the picture by turning his back to the camera.

Quick Pictures, and Hills and Saunders.





WITH THE HON. GEORGE AND THE HON. CHARLES BENNET: LADY OSSULSTON.



ACCOMPANIED BY AUDREY AND PETER COMBE: LADY MOIRA COMBE.



WITH HER LITTLE NEPHEW, PETER COMBE: LADY SHEILA JACKSON.



OFF ON THE "CHUTE": CHARLES AND PATRICIA STOURTON, WITH THEIR MOTHER, THE HON. MRS. STOURTON.



WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, WENDY: MRS. SHAKESPEARE.



STARTING FOR A RIDE ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND ANTHONY MEYER, WITH HIS MOTHER, LADY MEYER.

### VERY YOUNG SOCIETY AT ST. DUNSTAN'S: THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN PARTY.

The Children's Garden Party at St. Dunstan's in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Centre of the Royal Free Hospital was a delightful function; attended by many members of the very young set in Society, chaperoned by their respective parents. Lady Ossulston, the wife of the elder son of the Earl of Tankerville, brought her two little boys.—Lady

Moira Combe, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell, was with her Audrey and Peter; and her sister, Lady Sheila Jackson, helped to shepherd them through the delights of the afternoon.—The Hon. Mrs. William Stourton brought her girl and boy, Charles and Patricia; and Lady Meyer, the wife of Sir Frank Meyer, came with her Anthony.

Photographs by Arthur Owen.



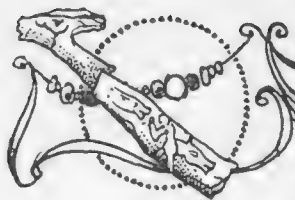


## THE YOUNGEST PRINCESS RECEIVES HER GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S ROSES.

ACCEPTING A BOUQUET OF ALEXANDRA ROSES: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK.

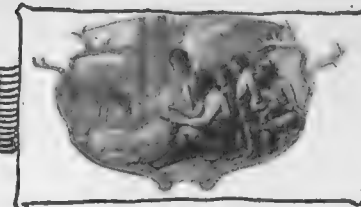
H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth of York, the only child of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, and only grand-daughter of their Majesties, received a bouquet of Alexandra roses when driving in the Park on Rose Day. An enterprising flower-seller darted up to the carriage and proffered a bouquet, which her little Royal Highness accepted with a gracious smile.

Alexandra Day was inaugurated by the late Queen Alexandra, great-grandmother of the baby Princess. On another page we picture H.R.H. the Duchess of York, who reached home on Monday after her successful tour in the "Renown" with the Duke of York, and was welcomed back by the whole country.—[Photograph by Keystone.]



# WOAD!

By BEVERLEY NICHOLS.



## CELEBRITIES IN UNDRESS: LXVI.—JOHN DRINKWATER.

"PLEASE tell me how to write a poem."

There was a real urgency in my plea. I can write a sort of book, and play a sort of tune, and dance a sort of Charleston, but I cannot write even a sort of poem. I feel things fairly deeply and I have a sense of music; but, though I have tried over and over again, I cannot make the wretched thing scan, let alone rhyme. And when I study the result of a whole morning's labour over a single sonnet, I am staggered by the futility of the sentiments I have been trying to twist to song.

"Please tell me how to write a poem." I looked at him, hoping to find in his features the clue to the secret. He was eating melon, and the effect of the sunlight shining on that melon was in itself a pretty enough lyric. The fruit seemed inspired, living. The juice of it was yellow as wine, and it was the colour of amber shading to rose. Through my head flitted a grotesque parody—

Melon, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicæan barks of yore  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea . . .

But that is sacrilege on the spirit of Poe, and though I cannot write a poem, I have no excuse for mocking those who can.

Then he told me how it was done. Or rather, he described the magic at work. And he began by saying: "Words are the greatest mystery of it all to me. At various periods in literary history it becomes fashionable to talk about inarticulate poets. But there is no such thing as an inarticulate poet. There is no such thing as a 'mute, inglorious Milton.' The only difference between Milton and the other man is that Milton was *not* mute. For all I know, Milton may not have had emotions any more acute than those of a thousand men by whom he was surrounded. He may not only have seen just the same things, but felt just the same things too. For, after all, there are only a few basic emotions in life, and they are common to all men.

"Look at it in this way. Any man who is not entirely insensible to outside impressions will be moved by the beauty, say, of a walk through the English countryside on an autumn afternoon. He will be conscious of rich colours, of bitter-sweet scents, of strange tricks played by the mist among the trees. The cumulative effect upon him will be one of pleasurable melancholy. He will inevitably associate the decline of Nature with his own decline, reflecting that all things must eventually fall and die. In fact, he will go through all the obvious emotions.

"Now, what is the result of this stirring in his spirit? If he is the average man, he will probably run to his lady-love, embrace her, and tell her all about it. Or if he is a musician, he will go to the piano and improvise himself into a state of peace. If he is an athlete, he might break into a trot and jump a few four-barred gates. If he is a stockbroker he might, taking a melancholy view of the markets, go a successful bear in rubber. The point is that, if he does not get rid of his emotion in some way or other, he will become morbid, and stagnate.

"But the poet—what does he do? He

sees the same sights as the other men, smells the same scents. *But he has the secret of words.* It is a vague, dull way of describing a tremendous magic, but there is no other way of describing it. The power can be cultivated, but it cannot be instilled. You can analyse its workings, but you cannot explain it. Supposing, for instance, that Shakespeare were going the same country walk through which we have taken our other men. His spirit is gradually steeped in the beauty of it all. He looks up to the trees, and, all at once, from Nowhere, the line floats through his head—

Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

"And then another poem has come into the world."

"I see," I said. And indeed I did see, as much as one can ever see something which is invisible.

I wanted, however, to pin him down to



THIS WEEK'S SUBJECT OF "WOAD":  
MR. JOHN DRINKWATER, THE CELEBRATED  
POET—CARICATURED BY SHERIFFE.

Mr. John Drinkwater, the poet and dramatist, was born in 1882. For twelve years he was in the Northern and other assurance companies. He is the Co-Founder of the Pilgrim Players, now the famous Birmingham Repertory Company. His most successful plays include "Abraham Lincoln," "Robert E. Lee," and "Mary Stuart," and he has published various volumes of poems, and is a contributor to such well-known anthologies as "Georgian Poetry," and the "Oxford Book of English Verse." He is one of the most distinguished literary figures of the day.

From the Caricature by Sheriffe.

brass tacks. I wanted to take him, in imagination, along that same walk, to learn the line which had flitted through his mind, to understand the processes which had followed. So I asked him for a personal illustration.

"Very well." He took a last hungry look at his melon, and said, "Some time ago I had been reading a lot of Egyptian history. I was not making any particular study of any particular period. I was merely reading at random to satisfy a vague thirst for

knowledge. At the back of my mind, therefore, there must then have been stored a quantity of miscellaneous information about ancient Egypt, ill assorted, not fully digested, but *there*. Then I had to set aside my books and do other things. One day I was walking down a street in Birmingham. It was not a particularly 'poetical' street, and I was not in a particularly 'poetical' frame of mind. But suddenly, out of Nowhere, I found myself saying to myself—

Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed . . .

"Why did I say that? I haven't the faintest idea. It was as though somebody had whispered it to me as he passed by on the pavement. And as soon as that line had come it seemed to be followed inevitably by a second—

Because a summer evening passed . . .

"I went home and wrote the poem at once. The first verse of it runs like this—

Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed  
Because a summer evening passed;  
And little Ariadne cried  
That summer fancy fell at last  
To dust; and young Verona died  
When beauty's hour was overcast."

That seems to me a fairly clear exposition of something which must always remain obscure. I myself might make it clearer by a musical analogy. Supposing, in a moment of exaltation, one begins to improvise. For a whole hour one sits at the piano, playing nothing in particular: successions of chords, themes without much meaning, experimenting in rhythms and harmonies. Then suddenly, out of the Nowhere where all Beauty lies waiting, there comes the echo of a very different song, a fleeting catch of true music. It is probably only a phrase of a few bars, and for me, whose musical education has been scrappy and haphazard, it must remain only a phrase. But for another man, with a more tutored spirit, there might be a different tale to tell.

The melon had gone, and the things which followed in its wake, and we were poised in that exquisite moment when one waits for the sugar to dissolve in one's coffee. Suddenly Drinkwater said, "I should like to meet the man who had dreamed a poem. Coleridge is supposed to have dreamed 'Kubla Khan,' but I always feel inclined to doubt if that is true. J. C. Squire dreamed a poem too, and woke up in the middle of the night to write it down, only to find in the morning that he had written a lot of utter gibberish. I have tried, with the same result. Yet it might come off. One never knows."

And as he said that I had a great idea. I had never been able to write a poem. I had tried and tried, but always the secret had eluded me. Supposing that I put a pen and a paper by my bed! Supposing that I then went out and ate quantities of dressed crab and old brandy! Supposing that I then rushed home and drifted into a troubled sleep! What might not happen? In fact, if anybody likes to provide the crab and the brandy, I will present them in advance with the exclusive rights (including dramatisation and translation) of the result.





FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY BROMLEY-DAVENPORT : THE HON.  
MRS. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER.

### THE WIFE OF LORD ULLSWATER'S HEIR.

The Hon. Mrs. Christopher Lowther is one of the most popular young married women in Society. She is the wife of the Hon. Christopher Lowther, elder son of Viscount Ullswater, and was formerly Miss Dorothy Bromley-

Davenport. She is a daughter of Mr. Arthur Bromley-Davenport, was married in 1921, and has one little daughter, Rosemary Lowther, born in 1922. The Hon. Christopher and Mrs. Lowther have a town house in Clanricarde Gardens.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



A MEMBER OF THE CAST OF THE "GRAND GIGGLE": MR. A. W. BASKCOMB IN GLOOMY MOOD.



IN CHARGE OF THE TREASURE HUNT: LADY DIANA COOPER.



AND THEY WENT LIKE HOT CAKES! MISS EVELYN LAYE AND MR. SONNIE HALE SELL CHOCOLATES.



AT THE CIGARETTE STALL: MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AND MISS MARY GLYNNE.



AT HER LUCKY VILLAGE PUMP: LADY FORBES-ROBERTSON (R.) WITH HER DAUGHTERS, MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON AND THE HON. MRS. INIGO FREEMAN-THOMAS (L.).

## FOOTLIGHTS CELEBRITIES IN THE ROYAL HOSPITAL

The Theatrical Garden Party is one of the annual fixtures which generally enjoy good luck in the way of weather, so it was unpleasant of the Clerk of the Weather to schedule a wet, raw day for the festivity in aid of the Actors' Orphanage this year. However, the stage celebrities who assembled to amuse the many visitors, and to cajole money from them in the good cause, were quite undamped in their enthusiasm, and the Garden Party went off with its usual swing. Above we picture some of the famous folk who assembled in the Royal Hospital Gardens. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, the popular comedian, played in Sir Gerald du Maurier's "Grand Giggle" theatre; Lady Diana Cooper was in charge





GIVING AN IMPROMPTU DANCE TO TEDDY BROWN'S XYLOPHONE: MR. NELSON KEYS.



A LITTLE REFRESHMENT BETWEEN PERFORMANCES OF "GRAND GIGGLE": MISS EDNA BEST AND MISS HEATHER THATCHER.



AT THE ROSE-STALL: MR. OWEN NARES AND MRS. OWEN NARES.



THE IRRESISTIBLE LAUGHTER-MAKER: MR. LESLIE HENSON AND ONE OF THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.



WITH MR. JACK BUCHANAN: MISS BINNIE HALE.

## GARDENS: THEATRICAL GARDEN-PARTY FROLICS AND FUN.

of the Treasure Hunt; and Miss Evelyn Laye and her husband, Mr. Sonnie Hale, sold pounds and pounds of chocolates.—Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares were another married couple who worked together, and so did Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry and his wife, Miss Mary Glynne.—Lady Forbes-Robertson had her daughters to help her at the Village Pump. The Hon. Mrs. Inigo Freeman-Thomas is the wife of Lord Willingdon's son, and is the eldest of Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson's girls.—Mr. Leslie Henson was in tremendous form, and altogether the Garden Party was as brilliant and amusing as it always is.—[Photographs by Tom Aitken, Pathe, S. and G., L.N.A., and C.N.]



With her  
Chows  
and her  
Children:  
Mrs. Cliff  
at Home.



WITH SOME OF HER PRIZE-WINNING CHOWS: MRS. WILLIAM CLIFF IN HER GARDEN.



GROUPED ROUND THE SUN-DIAL: CAPTAIN W. McC. CLIFF, WITH MRS. CLIFF, PETER, AND PATSEY, AND CHOWS, BIG AND SMALL.



IN THE ROSE GARDEN OF THE HALL, WEST COKER, WITH FIVE BEAUTIES: MRS. WILLIAM CLIFF.

Mrs. William Cliff is a daughter of Colonel Selby-Lowndes, and a niece of Mr. W. Selby-Lowndes. She is one of the most successful breeders of Chows, and is shown above with some of her best specimens. She

and her husband, Captain Cliff, live at The Hall, West Coker, Yeovil, where these delightful photographs were taken. Peter and Patsey are Captain and Mrs. Cliff's son and daughter.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."





### A COUSIN BY MARRIAGE TO PRINCESS MARY.

ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS LASCELLES: MISS NORAH LASCELLES.

Miss Norah Lascelles is the only child of the late Hon. Francis John Lascelles, ninth son of the fourth Earl of Harewood, and of the Hon. Mrs. Francis Lascelles, and is a cousin by marriage to Princess Mary,

as her father and the present Lord Harewood were brothers. Miss Lascelles, who is a popular member of the younger set, is in her twenty-first year. Her mother lives in Hampshire, at Lee House, Romsey.

# LAND SHARKS AND SEAMEN.

## I.—CHARTER PARTIES.

By LUKE HANSARD. (Author of "The Flame in the South" and "Humming Steeples.")

TUDWALL always hated Monday mornings. For twenty years he had dreaded going back to work after the week-end break, and for twenty years his Sundays had been poisoned by the thought of those dull, dreary Monday mornings in the City: the arrival at the office, the curt "Good-morning" of the manager, the obsequious "Good-morning, Sir," of the juniors, and the monotonous routine that had to be gone through week after week and year after year. But the worst thing about the whole business was that they were getting worse, these Mondays.

All the twenty years that Tudwall had been a clerk at Selig, Selig and Company (and now he was chief clerk), he had, by infinitely slow stages, gradually grown more and more dissatisfied with his mean little job. Perhaps things would have been different if he had not, for a start, gone into a shipping office. Then he would never have heard of those places whose very names were a song: Ilo-Ilo, Soerabaya, Saigon. How he envied even the meanest deck hand of the tenth-rate tramps which the firm chartered to carry coal from South Wales to the Far East! They saw those wonderful places. They saw the strange blue seas and the flaming skies; and every morning they woke up in a new world. They didn't have to catch the 8.54 from Tufnell Hill, nor go back every night to that mile-long dreary stretch of drab brickwork, Balmoral Road. Why hadn't he chucked it all long ago and shown some strength of mind, if he really loathed it all so?

But then he hadn't got any strength of mind. He was just the product of a dreary northern suburb, a rather mean-looking little man, rather undersized, rather bald, rather unhealthy-looking, with a soul that was starved for want of sunshine, just as his body was only half developed for want of proper food.

Yes, it's easy enough to ask why he hadn't chucked it. Indeed, long before he was married he had made some sort of feeble effort. He had been down at the docks supervising the shipping of some rather special stuff, and a few loafing deck hands leaning over the fo'c'sle rail of the ship had shouted a half-jeering invitation to him to sign on, and he had even gone to the length of asking the second mate if it could be done. But something in that officer's look, and the sneering way in which that officer had asked him if he thought the *Caliban* was a liner or was his yacht laid up for the summer had shown him that these men belonged to a different world from his, and that between those worlds was a great gulf which he could never bridge.

And then he got married to Doris Wembley the pretty, sharp-tongued typist at the office. He loved her then, or thought he did when they used to go for walks in the pseudo-country out towards Harrow, when he used to sit in a dusty field behind a dusty hedge on a baking hot Saturday afternoon in August, holding her hand, while both of them giggled stupidly. But when he proposed, and was, of course, accepted—for a chief clerk with a salary of £175 is not to be despised—he did not know that the gates

were shut and locked for all time, and that now all chance of escape was gone.

In due time the children came—three of them, two boys and a girl. In a way he was fond of them, but he must have felt instinctively that each one only drove him the more certainly down the narrow groove that was slowly but inevitably leading him to some ghastly calamity. And as the years of his married life dragged on his relations with Doris gradually became more and more sordid. She lost her looks and her figure, for it was hopeless to try and keep pretty with three children and a total income of £4 10s. a week, which was what Tudwall was getting after seven years of matrimony. And with the loss of her charm, and as the desperate struggle to keep up appearances became ever more acute, so her tongue became the more sharp and the more cruel.

You can't blame her; she too may have had ambitions once, but they, like those of her husband, had been crushed out by marriage and children and all the sordidness of their existence. Now their life was one continual row. He didn't pay her enough attention; there must be another girl at the office—naturally that was the first idea her vulgar little mind leapt at.

And then he was always reading those silly travel books. If he *must* waste his money on books, why didn't he bring back novels and magazines which she could enjoy? Lastly, this mania of his for Spain.

He used sometimes to spend his luncheon hour wandering up the Farringdon Road, looking at the second-hand bookstalls, and one day he had lighted on a battered copy of "The Bible in Spain" priced at a few pence. He never knew what made him take it up, for the title certainly did not strike him as either amusing or interesting. But though at first he thought that it must be some book about religion, something made him look at it, and only a few lines of Borrow's prose were enough to fascinate him. He bought it and took it home, and spent the whole week-end reading it through. That, of course, led to a fearful row with Doris, who wanted him to take her to the cinema: and then he had lost his temper for good and all. He told her to go to hell; that he was sick of it all; that he would finish the whole damned business one of these days. She was frightened then, because he had never really lost his temper before: she had never even heard him swear—much less at her, probably because he hadn't enough character.

Anyway, she ran round to her sister, the wife of a successful local grocer. The sister had the sense to tell Doris that what Tudwall wanted was a change, and that he was probably worried about business. So he most certainly was, but not in the way she meant.

As Tudwall had grown older, his romantic longing for the East had slowly died, frozen to death by the chill monotony of his dreary existence, and had given place to a dull, ever-increasing disgust—a sort of indefinable craving. But "The Bible in Spain" had made the old desires flame up, only now in a totally new form. It was

Spain he wanted—Spain with its hot blue sky and its dazzling white houses; Spain with its music and its colour and its happiness; Spain, which stood for everything which he knew was missing in his life. And so he arrived at the office on a certain Monday morning in May. It was a week after his discovery of Borrow, and it was a more awful Monday than usual. Doris had made the week-end unbearable with her ceaseless nagging; but after his one great flare-up, Tudwall had fallen back into his usual rather feeble attitude, and had just let her go on, dully resentful, but not daring, or perhaps not really caring enough, to assert himself. The weather had been awful, and the children, unable to get out, had added to his misery by quarrelling noisily amongst themselves, or else by shouting and running about the house, making a beastly noise, while Doris only increased the din by constantly scolding them.

Moreover, everybody was sulky that morning. The manager was in a thoroughly bad temper, because the continual rain of the last few days had ruined his garden, the one great hobby of his life. Old Selig, the senior partner, was furious with everybody, because the firm had made a bad mistake in a letter, and had had to apologise for it. This sort of thing always enraged the old man for days after; not that it happened often, because it was the manager's or Tudwall's job to look through the correspondence before it was sent in to Selig for signature, and they were careful enough. But on this occasion one or other had been slack; and though both of them denied ever having seen this particular letter, they did not succeed in satisfying the old man. The manager, however, being much the stronger character of the two, and having old Selig's ear, contrived more or less to fix the blame on to Tudwall's shoulders, and a telling-off from the governor did not make Monday any the more pleasant for the former. Moreover, the clerks had a grievance against him, because he was becoming more and more morose, and they, naturally enough, put his aloofness down to what they called swank. So they quite clearly made him feel that he was unpopular; and, since he was, in some sort, rather a sensitive little man, who liked to be on good terms with everybody, he felt this boycott acutely, all of which only added to his general misery. And then the weather was unspeakable—a cold, damp spring, with perpetual rain, which was depressing enough. He could not help comparing the mud and the general beastliness of the filthy London streets with the ideal sun-laden Spain he dreamed of. God! how he longed to be there out of it all. But it was quite hopeless even to think of it, for his savings of years were almost exhausted by the constant drain of his married life; holidays, a new dress for Doris, clothes for the children, doctor's bills, and all the rest of the thousand and one things which were for ever cropping up, and which had to be paid for.

And, besides, even if he had had enough, Doris would never have let him spend it on such a ridiculous fantasy, and he would

[Continued on Page 645.]





A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

FROM THE PICTURE BY REBEL STANTON.



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Continued from Page 636.]

never have had the strength of mind to brazen it out and insist on gratifying his one great desire. Moreover, according to his lights, he was unselfish, and could never have brought himself to spend the savings of years, which he felt belonged legitimately to Doris.

But the chance had come, and had come, too, on a Monday. The firm were negotiating for a steamer to carry a cargo of coal to Huelva, and the vessel, by name the *Moidore*, was then discharging in London. She was to go in ballast to Swansea, there to load the coal, and Selig, Selig and Co. were trying to fix her for this charter. The business was left to Tudwall to arrange. There was nothing extraordinary about it; he had fixed up hundreds of Spanish charters before; but somehow it seemed different this time. Here was a steamer actually going to Spain, and he was to arrange the sending of her there. Huelva was near Cadiz, and Cadiz was the port of Seville, Seville, the very heart of Spain.

And then it came to him in a flash. He wanted a holiday; Doris's sister had said so, and Doris always agreed with her. The holiday season in the office started in May, only no one had taken their fortnight yet—the weather had been too bad. Why shouldn't he take his holiday now, and go to Huelva on the *Moidore*? He could easily arrange it with the owners; their manager was a great pal of his, and the manager really ran the line, and could do what he liked. Besides, he knew that they had a boat bound inwards due at Huelva about the time that the *Moidore* would arrive, and he could easily get back to England on her, even if it did take a few days longer than the three weeks that he was entitled to as chief clerk. Why, surely that wasn't much to ask after twenty years' hard work for the firm. Ordinarily, he would have been much too shy to ask such a favour of Evans, but this was the end. He had stood the strain well enough for all these long years, but now he didn't care. He went round to the owners' office, too strung up to feel any nervousness. He arranged the charter, and then broached the subject of a passage in the *Moidore* with the manager. He was sympathetic enough, and promised to fix it up all right. Tudwall was to join the *Moidore* at Swansea and sign on there as purser at the nominal wage of a shilling a month, paying only for his keep. He came back to the office, and went straight in to Selig. He told him about the charter, and then said right out what he wanted. The old man didn't raise any real objection. Perhaps he felt something of Tudwall's pitiful longing; at any rate, the charter had been fixed up very successfully, and it looked as if it was going to be rather a profitable one for the firm, for tonnage was scarce at the moment, and Tudwall had fixed the *Moidore* at quite a low rate of freight. At all events, it was little enough that the old man was asked to do.

Now there only remained Doris. But as he walked home that night the world had changed. Tufnell Hill and Balmoral Road were different. They didn't look nearly so dreary, and somehow, he didn't know why, but he didn't seem to care what Doris might say. After twenty years, Tudwall was a free man.

At first Doris wouldn't take him seriously; but when she saw that he was in dead earnest, and had really fixed the whole thing up, she was furious. He was selfish and inconsiderate, and why couldn't he take her and the children to Margate? Of course, May was very early, but still, they could get in cheap. She hated him; he was mad; she was a fool ever to have married him. She

only hoped he would stop in Spain for good. Finally, she started to cry, and went off to her sister. Tudwall did not care. He was free, and was going to the sunlight at last.

When he got to Swansea, and it was dark night when he arrived, the glare of the arc lamps and the roar of the coal-tips confused his brain; but the rough, good-humoured greeting of the captain and the two mates comforted him. They treated him as a man, and when, after being shown round the ship by the second mate, he had a whisky in the cabin with the captain, he found that he was listened to with some respect. After all, he had been a shipping clerk for twenty years, had learnt something about ships and could keep his end up in a conversation with sailormen, and the whisky lent him courage. Then he went to bed, and, though his bunk was hard enough, he felt happier than he could ever remember to have been before. These sailors were men, not like the fellows he had mixed with up to now, and they had infected him somehow with their outlook on life.

The next morning he went through the formality at the Board of Trade office of signing on, and they sailed early in the afternoon. The Captain asked him up on the bridge, and he kept silent as they manoeuvred through all the shipping. But as they threshed their way down the Bristol Channel, driving into the teeth of a sou'-westerly gale, he found that the mate was talking to him as an equal. He was a free man at last.

Tudwall was standing on the poop, watching the coast of Spain slipping past a few miles away. The great gale was blowing itself out, and huge white clouds were tearing across a deep blue sky—a blue more deep and more brilliant than anything that Tudwall had ever conceived of.

The coast of Spain was all dark and forbidding, a long black smear half-obliterated by slow-moving white spray. The sea was still very rough, and the old *Moidore* was rolling and pitching horribly in the heavy swell, but Tudwall was not sick. He was almost acclimatised by the awful time he had had crossing the Bay, so that now not even the jarring grind of the racing propeller under his feet could upset him. Tudwall was at last alive.

The sun was so bright and the sky so blue, and Tufnell Hill so very far away. A deck hand touched him on the shoulder, shouting something which he could not catch, but he saw what the man was pointing at. A cleft in the rock had seemed to open, and there, like a bud in springtime, a little white town unfolded itself. It must have been miles away, but in that clear light and dazzling air it seemed quite close. All the houses were white—white like snowflakes shaken from a tree on a sunny morning. So white, and all kissed by the wonderful light, so that the whole coast seemed to glow. If Tudwall had not been born and bred in the northern suburbs, but in some kinder climate where men are warmer-blooded, he might perhaps have cried or laughed or sung; as it was, he could only stare and stare, gripping the rail till his hands tingled.

At last he saw the sun and the world; at last he saw joy and youth and spring, and all the happier places which lie beyond the edge of life. At last he lived. It was great—so great that it was worth all the sickening misery of his sordid life at Tufnell Hill, worth all its awful monotony, and the grey ugliness all about him, worth even the twenty years of Selig, Selig and Co. which were his sole memory. He thought it was

a dream. He had often had dreams something like this, dreams in which he had reached some wonderful place, some place more beautiful than any he had ever seen, but which he could never identify. Sometimes in early summer he would catch a glimpse of sunset at the end of Balmoral Road, and then for a moment he would feel himself transported miles away, outside himself. But then something always happened which brought him back with a jar to his ugly world.

This view was like those dreams, only it was real, and he was part of it. But it was only a dream. A great wave, bigger than any that had gone before, caught the *Moidore* full astern. Tudwall felt himself hurled up into the air, as if he were leaving the deck altogether. The fore part of the ship went right down beneath him until his eyes were on a level with the bridge. There was a terrific jarring of the screw, an appalling crash somewhere in the engine-room, and then silence. Only a few quiet sounds of straining ropes, which before had been lost in the turmoil of the propeller. Still Tudwall hardly noticed anything; his mind was too far away amongst the little white houses. Then he heard shouting coming up through the engine-room skylight, and a yell of someone in mortal pain. He saw, half awake, the second mate reach for the engine-room telegraph, and the Captain knock him out of the way and shout something down the voice-pipe. Then he saw the chief engineer limp up the companion on to the bridge, and heard him shouting to the Captain. He could just catch what he was saying.

"God, Captain, she's bust her bloody tail-shaft, and ripped a hole in her stern-tube that you could walk through. Young Angus has got his head laid open, and he's pretty well done in. We tried to shut the watertight door, but the damned thing jammed, and the water's coming in like a blinking mill-race. It's all over the bed-plates now, and the bulkhead's leaking like a sieve, and the water's getting through to the stoke-hold. She can't last much longer."

The Captain leant over the water-cloths and shouted to the watch on deck. Then Tudwall saw them run to the boats and start swinging them out. That woke him up, and he started towards them. But a panic-stricken rush of foreign seamen swept him out of the way, knocking him down, and he lay for a little while in the scuppers, gasping and half-senseless. He had a momentary vision of the officers fighting desperately to keep the crowd of terrified men clear of the boats, and then, just as he was staggering to his feet, another huge wave swept right across the deck and washed him clean out of the ship. He just heard the sharp report of a revolver, and then the green seas engulfed him.

The weight of the seas and the straining in his lungs was awful; he felt as if he would burst, as if he couldn't live more than a few seconds longer. The cold of the water was horrible, and he was terrified; but his brain was quite clear now, and working at headlong pace. He remembered all sorts of little things, little pictures which flashed through his mind; half-remembered conversations, the outings with Doris, the children playing—all a jumbled cinema show in his mind. Poor Doris! He wondered what would happen to her—would the firm do the right thing by her and the kids? But he wasn't going to die; things like this didn't happen to chaps in the City. God, how tired he was! He didn't mind much now what happened; he only wanted to rest. But old Selig had seemed rather

[Continued on Page xlviii.]





THE DEATH OF THE VILLAINOUS CHAN FU: MR. FRANKLIN DYALL AS THE CHINESE DOCTOR.



THE LOVERS AND THEIR FAITHFUL SERVANT IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY: L. TO R.—HO FANG (GEORGE PICKETT), CHAN FU (FRANKLIN DYALL), T'MALA (NORAH ROBINSON), AND GEORGE (BASIL FOSTER).



THE READING OF THE MYSTERIOUS WILL: L. TO R.—CHAN FU (FRANKLIN DYALL), HWANG (ERIC CROALL), HETHERINGTON (J. J. BARTLETT), GEORGE (BASIL FOSTER), AND PHILIP (HENRY KENDALL).



T'MALA IN GRAVE DANGER: CHAN FU (FRANKLIN DYALL) HAS THE GIRL (NORAH ROBINSON) THRUST INTO A CABINET FILLED WITH POISON GAS BY HWANG (ERIC CROALL).

### GUARANTEED TO MAKE THE AUDIENCE SHUDDER:

"The Silent House," the new "thriller" by John G. Brandon and George Pickett, was recently produced at the Comedy, and is a most gloriously gruesome drama. George Winsford is left a house at Barnes, formerly occupied by his uncle, who had strange experiences in the East. The will is a curious one, and mentions that bearer bonds worth £250,000 are hidden in the house, and must be negotiated within four days. The will also insists that George should keep on Benson, the ex-pugilist butler, and Ho-Fang, the Chinese. Now Richard Winsford died through what was thought to be an accident; but his nephew, when he begins his search for the bonds, finds that such a "mischance"





CHAN FU SEES PERODA ATTEMPT TO MURDER GEORGE: L. TO R.—MR. FRANKLIN DYALL, MR. BASIL FOSTER, AND MR. ALBERT BROUETT.



T'MALA UNDER THE HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE OF DR. CHAN FU: MISS NORAH ROBINSON AND MR. FRANKLIN DYALL.



THE SINISTER CHINESE DOCTOR, CHAN FU: MR. FRANKLIN DYALL.



T'MALA IS THREATENED WITH TORTURE: L. TO R.—HWANG (ERIC CROALL), CHAN FU (FRANKLIN DYALL), BENSON (ARTHUR STRATTON), T'MALA (NORAH ROBINSON), AND LEON PERODA (ALBERT BROUETT).

## BLOODCURDLING THRILLS OF "THE SILENT HOUSE."

might befall him—easily. A suave Chinese doctor, Chan Fu, appears on the scene, and thrilling and dangerous events occur. The girl, T'Mala, is hypnotised, then threatened, and narrowly escapes death. The butler "stands in" with the Chinese doctor, but draws the line at murder. The plot is further complicated by the Portuguese, Peroda, who is also in search of the loot; and there are secret passages, sliding panels, poison-gas cabinets, knife-throwings, and every imaginable and unimaginable atrocity to add further excitement. The horrific effects are excellently managed; there is a spice of humour, and an excellent cast.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



## The Metropolitan. By Beverley Nichols.

### Flying and Noise.

If there is anything more ingenious than an American "matron," I have yet to meet it. I have just been seeing one off to Paris. She was flying over at three o'clock, and had found time during the morning to visit three art galleries, about half-a-dozen friends, and, of all places, the new London County Council Hall on the far side of the river. In addition to that she had found time to purchase a stock of a curious form of putty which she proposed, on the journey, to press into her ears and into those of her companions, in order to deaden the noise.

This putty opened up all sorts of pleasant vistas. I was assured that one of the chief reasons why people suffered from qualms in the air was that the perpetual throb and bluster of the engines set up an acute irritation of a certain set of nerves, and that this irritation led, in turn, to dizziness, and—well, you know the rest. Deaf people, it was pointed out to me, seldom suffered from air sickness. And certainly my friend and her party arrived intact in Paris that night.

### The Noises of Chelsea.

I decided that I must get some putty for everyday use. Chelsea, you see, though a pleasant place, is a noisy one. It is the happy hunting ground for all the hawkers of the Metropolis. I wake in the morning to the sound of "Milk, lovely milk, rich milk—all our milk is guaranteed"—and throughout the earlier hours of the day I am wooed to buy carnations and roses, "Lovely, fresh a-growing," to have a flutter in tomatoes, and, towards the hour of lunch, to repent and be saved (with or without hymns). None of these things are of any use to me. My milk arrives mysteriously, long before I am awake, my carnations come from elsewhere, and I could not be saved, however hard I tried. Hence the fascination of the putty.

### Putty and Poetry.

I went to the putty shop and explained my wants. "Ah, yes!" they said. "Many writers come to us. There was a lady who wrote Persian poetry. She had a flat looking out on to the Thames Embankment, and she found that the trams used to disturb her inspiration when she sat down at midnight." Apparently, since she had used the putty, her output of poetry had greatly increased, and it was far more Persian than it had ever been before.

There was also, they told me, a Labour Member of Parliament who lived somewhere near the Poplar district, and who had found that the sweet voices of his little constituents at play had made it impossible for him to compose sufficiently vitriolic perorations against the leisured classes. Since he had discovered the sweet uses of putty, he had poured out a constant stream of pure and undiluted invective.

### A Disappointment.

Before one tried the putty, however, they said that it would be best to experiment

thundering chorus of bulls, "You can't hear anything now, can you?"

"On the contrary," I remarked—and my own voice roared and reverberated through my head—"I am only just discovering what noise really is."

The corks were then popped out, and the putty was tried instead. It ticked horribly, and made everything sound as though it were being magnified by a megaphone. The sound of a motor-horn in the street outside was like the last trump. A rustling of papers in the room gave the impression of a strong breeze in a wood.

So there must be something wrong with me rather than with the putty, for, according to the American lady, the noise of an aeroplane engine at close quarters is like the buzz of a lazy bee to those who are equipped in this manner. Besides, there is the classic example before us of the Persian poetess.

### A Phantom Dog Whistle.

Now that I am on the subject of noise I note that Professor A. M. Low has just indicated that loud noise is, without any doubt whatever, one of the most "killing" factors of modern civilisation. In fact, he foreshadowed an era when it would be quite impossible for human beings to endure the amount of noise which now pours in on them from all sides.

The Professor has every right to speak, because he himself has done more than most men to point the way to a quieter world. Not long ago I paid him a visit, and he greeted me by saying, "I've been very worried lately by the sound of dog whistles in my neighbourhood. People take their dogs out for a run at night and then whistle them back again. It is all very distracting, and it is all quite unnecessary. Look at this!" And he produced a small, quite simple-looking whistle, which he proceeded to blow with all his force.

### High Notes.

No sound came from it at all. "What is the use of that?" I said. "It doesn't make any noise whatever." "Not to you, perhaps," replied the Professor; "but to a dog, that is a shrill, high whistle which he will hear a hundred yards away. Don't you realise that a dog has a far more sensitive hearing than a human being?—and that if you pitch a note sufficiently high, while the human ear will not catch it at all, to a dog's ear it will sound just as loud and as clear as any other noise?" And, indeed, he proved it to me with his own dog, which capered gaily back at the blowing of the whistle, which I could not hear at all.



THE SON OF A MODERN POET: RERESBY SITWELL, WHO WAS CHRISTENED LAST WEEK, WITH HIS COLOURED NANNAH.

Reresby Sitwell is the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, and is the only grandchild of Sir George Reresby Sitwell, Bt., and of Lady Ida Sitwell. The Sitwell trio—Osbert, Sacheverell, and Edith, are notable figures in the world of modern literature. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell is the author of "The People's Palace," "The Thirteenth Cæsar," "The Hundred and One Harlequins," etc., and composed the book for "The Triumph of Neptune," the ballet, with music by Lord Berners, which figures on the programme of the Russian Ballet at the Princes Theatre. Mr. Sitwell married the beautiful Miss Georgia Doble, sister of Miss Frances Doble, in 1925. Their baby son was christened by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace Chapel.

Photograph by Cecil Beaton.

with a more convenient method of deadening sound. They then produced two little objects which looked like miniature rubber corks. Without any further ado, the assistant tugged at the lobe of my right ear and pushed the cork home. The same procedure was then adopted with the left ear. He then beamed at me, and said, in a voice which sounded like a



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY . . ."



### THE PUPPY.

"Patrick," the Puppy.  
And Baby—his "brother,"  
Have heart-rending stories  
To tell one another:  
"They smacked me," sighs Baby,  
"For eating some coal!"  
"Chew a slipper," grins Pat,  
"It's less tough on the whole."

Baby and "Patrick,"  
On limbs of elastic,  
Make piratical raids,  
Though reprisals are drastic—  
These battered Abdullas  
Mean wild Nursery Weather—  
"P'raps it won't hurt so much  
If we're punished together!"

F. R. HOLMES.

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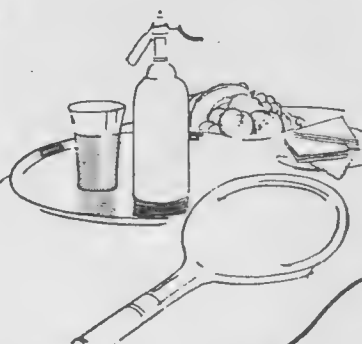
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A MOMENT'S INTERVAL.



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HEAD ON A TIGHT-ROPE.



ONLY A PUPPET? THE VERY HUMAN SMILE  
OF SELF-ASSURANCE.



A PICTURE OF THE JOY OF LIFE:  
BIL-BAL-BUL IN DANCING MOOD.



TAKING HIS CALL: BIL-BAL-BUL ENJOYS THE  
APPLAUSE HE ALWAYS RECEIVES.

The Teatro Delle Piccole Maschere, or Italian Puppet Theatre, had a big success during its season at the New Scala, which closed on June 25. The puppets, which number over 400, are worked by a troupe of nine marionette players who call their dancing dolls their "family," and speak of them as if they were real people. M. Gorno, the head of the troupe, can boast that the art of the marionette player has been in his family for 300 years

and has been handed down from father to son. The skill with which the players work their dolls is almost magical, for the little creatures posture, dance, act, and move as if they were actual beings of flesh and blood. Bil-Bal-Bul, the African Rope Athlete, is one of the most popular members of the cast, and, as our photographs show, has the most uncanny skill on his tight-rope.—[Photographs by Lenare.]



"WHITE-BIRDS" DISGUISED AS "BLACK-BIRDS": MISS RUBY DUFF, MISS MARIE BARLOW, AND MISS MARIAN PHILLIPS AS THE THREE EDDIES.



A CHARMING DANCER OF "WHITE-BIRDS": MISS NINETTE DE VALOIS.



"THE NIGHTMARE" IN "CHAMPAGNE TIME," AT THE TROCADERO: MR. WILLIAM CAVANAGH AND THE EIGHT BOGIES (THE TILLER GIRLS).

### "WHITE-BIRDS" AS "BLACK-BIRDS"; AND "CHAMPAGNE TIME."

One of the most remarkable numbers in "White-Birds," at His Majesty's, is the scene in which three of the "White-Birds" "take off" the famous "Black-Birds." The impersonation of the delightful Three Eddies of the latter show is given by Miss Ruby Duff, Miss Marie Barlow, and Miss Marian Phillips; and really one has to rub one's eyes to be sure that they

are not the genuine article! Miss Ninette de Valois, who is a dancer of "White-Birds," will be remembered as a former member of the Russian Ballet.—"Champagne Time" is the title of Mr. Charles B. Cochran's new show at the Trocadero. "The Nightmare" is an attractive number, which introduces the Tiller Girls as Bogies.

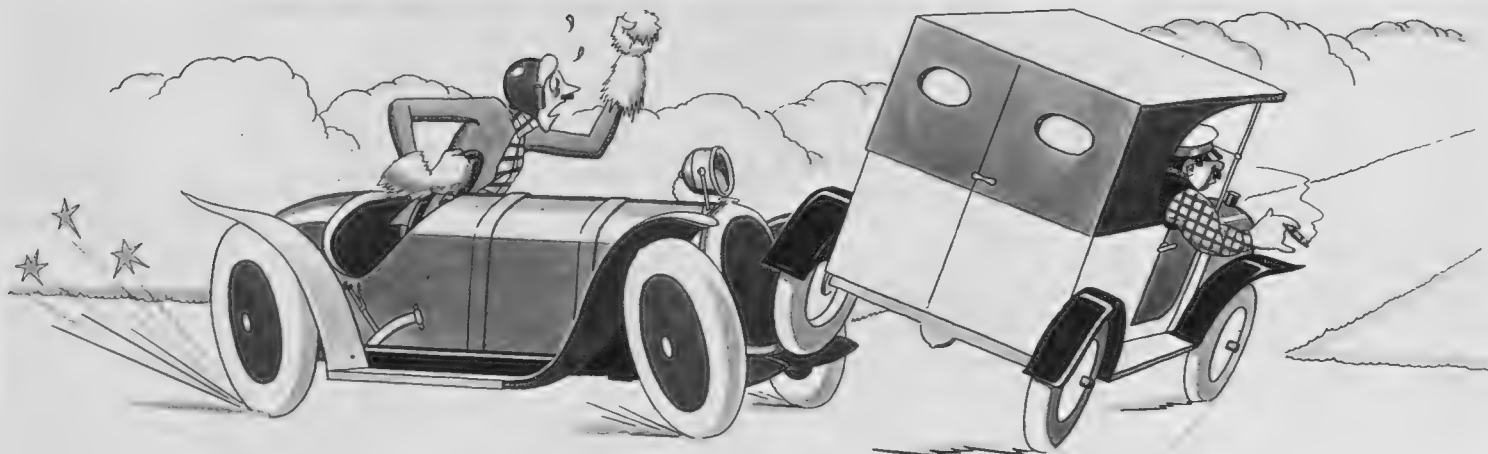
Photographs by Pauline Portraits and Joan Craven.



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*No. 2.—On the Road*

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*N.B.* If you are pulled up opposite a Worthington House it is not very safe to try and nip out and back before the hold-up breaks. Not that we don't admire sportsmen!



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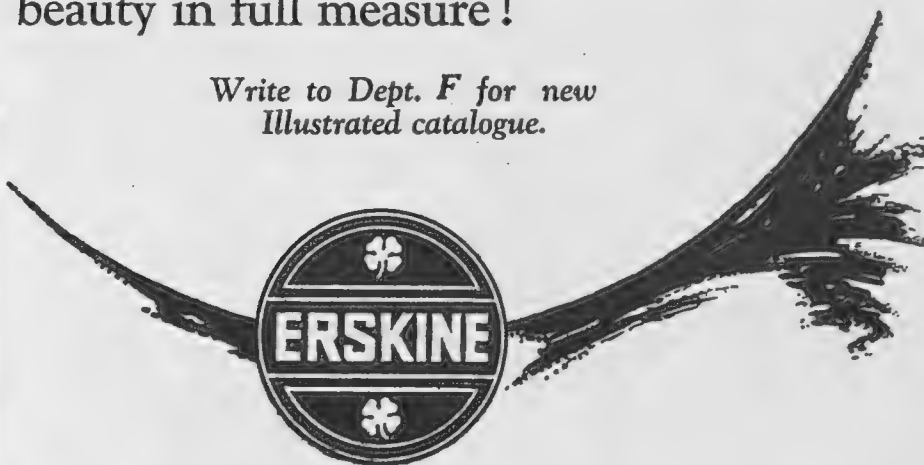
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## The Literary Lounger. By Alan Kemp.

**Over There.** Americans complain in newspapers and reviews, and the frequent protests of "publicists," that nobody outside America loves them. That may or may not be true; it may or may not be just; but what seems certain is that nobody inside America loves them either. More and more writers "over there" impress upon their countrymen that a hundred-per-cent. Americanism is about a hundred times too much Americanism. It may be a fashion merely; it may be one of the fundamental Anglo-Saxon institutions which went over with the *Mayflower*, that of all subjects for depreciation none is so fitting as your own country and your own kind. Was it Mr. Shaw who said that every true Englishman hates Englishmen? He speaks with authority, being an Irishman. I hope they are not going to overdo this self-criticism in the New World. Otherwise we on this side will have difficulty in reconciling it with the red-blooded patriotism which we have been taught to associate with the Land of the Free. Writers like Mr. Sinclair Lewis and Mr. Mencken certainly make it difficult to sort out, to one's logical satisfaction, the contradictory elements. And they are not alone; I have been reading this week three American novels which cause me to wonder, with due diffidence, whether American civilisation is altogether happy about itself.

**High Kicking and High Thinking.** Mrs. Edith Wharton leads the attack with her customary vigour, and with all that virtuosity which we have learned almost to take for granted in her work. "Twilight Sleep" takes as its subject a class of American society which, I presume, is, in the nature of the case, limited, and yet influential and representative at least to this extent, that it purports to be a class of Social Leaders. It Sets an Example—and what an example! Mrs. Wharton seems to say. Its men are somewhat more profitable than its women: the whole thing, of course, is based on money, but at least the men have to *get* the money. All the women have to do is to spend it: and there are only two things on which they spend it—the frantic search for a new sensation, or, in the case of Pauline Manford, the "breathless pursuit of repose."

It is on the latter type that Mrs. Wharton chiefly concentrates attention. I do not know whether or not Lita, Pauline's daughter-in-law, is intended to be another study of the "modern girl" à l'Américaine: at all events, I do not believe that she is peculiarly modern, except, perhaps, in the fact that public opinion allows her to be rather more openly blatant than her predecessors (who have existed since the Book of Genesis) in everything which is selfish, heartless, promiscuous, greedy, and harlotish. She is very real and living because she is a hardy perennial, and Mrs. Wharton has got her measure exactly;

there may be more of her than there used to be, but I doubt it. But Pauline Manford is a new portent of progress. Not really a bad sort; virtuous, well-meaning, a "good woman" by all accepted standards; but completely the prey of a kind of silliness which is almost more mischievous than Lita's avowed hedonism. For she lives in "a world of panaceas." Arthur Wyant, Pauline's divorced husband, sums up the two hemispheres of the Manford world: "When you're not high-kicking, you're all high-thinking." How high, how Woolworth high, does Pauline Manford think! And—poor fish—how utterly incapable she is of thinking at all! That's the trouble with all these Good people—high ideals and low cerebration.

**Souled and Healed.** Ever urged by the demon of high thinking, she rushes from prophet to prophet: from the Mahatma who, besides injecting Uplift into earnest seekers after truth, reduces hips and conducts curious callisthenic

it is true, for her own and her son's debts; but it is worth it when she can produce Titles for your dinner-table—or, if she cannot produce them, at least talk about them.

Thus does the Manford world "express its personality," to use its own cherished phrase. One may, of course, regard it all as screaming farce, unworthy of indignation or pity. But that is not Mrs. Wharton's mood; and she is right. This pinchbeck intellectualism, a reaction from aggressive materialism, is as mischievous as the materialism itself, and more insidious. It is evident that Mrs. Wharton, while seeing its full absurdity, regards it as anything but a joke for America. It is not a joke that the self-appointed Leaders of Thought should exist in a permanent condition of Twilight Sleep, especially when parturition results only in the birth of ridiculous mice. Has Mrs. Wharton exaggerated Pauline Manford? Not having met Mrs. Manford in her own *milieu*, I cannot say; but I am prepared to believe anything of human credulity, especially in the kind of conditions (I presume accurate) which Mrs. Wharton assumes. At all events, whether or not exaggeration has been employed—and it is sometimes a legitimate expedient—this is a powerful and highly interesting study which, while preserving all the dramatic qualities so conspicuous in Mrs. Wharton's work, gives one furiously to think.



THE MARRIAGE OF SIR ROBERT BLACK, BT., AND MISS IVY WILSON: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING HOLY TRINITY, BROMPTON.

The marriage of Sir Robert Black, Bt., of Midgham Park, Berks, to Miss Ivy Wilson, only daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Wilson, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and of Lady Wilson, was celebrated at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a pale gold lamé dress covered with tulle frills. She was attended by eight bridesmaids in green frocks. After the ceremony Lady Wilson held a reception at Bath House, kindly lent by Lady Ludlow.

Photograph by T.P.A.

rites in an Abode of Love; from him to Alvah Loft, the Inspirational Healer at a hundred dollars per heal of thirty seconds; from them both to Committees, Boards, Conferences, and Movements, now for Better Babies, now for No Babies at All. She works, does Pauline Manford. "Nothing so conducive to impatience in Mrs. Manford as the thought of anybody's having the least fraction of unapportioned time and not immediately planning to do something with it." If you are not high-thinking for yourself, then you must be high-thinking for others; there is always Philanthropy and "expensive plans for moral forcible feeding." And then, of course, there are all the social claims, the keeping in the swim, in which strenuous business you are fortunately helped by having a real Marchesa for a kinswoman. She costs you something,

**Innocents Abroad.** The characters in Mr. Ernest Hemingway's "Fiesta" have, I presume, got tired of both high kicking and high thinking in their native land, and we see them as *déracinés* in Europe, first in Paris and then in Spain. They are a jolly little lot. Alcohol is their main occupation in life, but they have one other—I leave you to guess what it is. But no, I do them an injustice: they have several other occupations: when Bacchus and Venus pall, there is still Mars—one can go and see a prize-fight or a bull-fight, or one can have a fight of one's own, if one is drunk enough, with a pal, if he is drunk enough. So that altogether this happy band of brothers, or, if you insist, gang of toughs—Jake and Mike and Bill and Robert—have the sort of good time which we are asked to believe comes naturally and palatably to American Innocents Abroad. But I had forgotten Brett. Brett, Lady Ashley, is a live wire, every inch of her. She loves Jake (who tells the story), and Jake loves her; but physiological reasons, due to Jake's ill-luck in the war, keep their love abstract rather than concrete. And abstract love is hardly good enough for a woman of Brett's vitality: so that, despite a half-hearted and unsuccessful attempt at "wistfulness" in the unfulfilment of her love for Jake, all that matters about her is her insatiable and much-advertised promiscuity with this one and that, particularly with Mike and with a boy toreador whose plush trousers dazzled her. That's all: there is no other substance in the book, except a certain "snap-piness" of style and some competent

[Continued overleaf.]

(Continued.)

descriptive writing—competent enough to give promise that if Mr. Hemingway had something better to write about, he would write it well. He will have to learn, however, that prose writing is not merely sleight-of-hand.

The publishers claim that "the life of the young generation of Americans living in Paris to-day . . . is here shown with remarkable fidelity." Not so. This is not the life of young Americans or young anything else. It is representative of nothing whatever except vulgarity. It is *bravura* of the vulgar, by the vulgar, and for the vulgar. I simply decline to believe that any normal group of human beings, of whatever nationality, behave in this way. To believe it is to accept as the only principle of conduct a maxim stated by one of the characters, and incidentally the key-note of this book: "Everybody behaves badly, give them a proper chance."

One truth Mr. Hemingway has mastered. He has realised that there are a great many thirsty people in the United States. For them the book may serve as a vicarious quencher. You have only to squeeze it in any place and alcohol spurts out like blood from an artery. There is scarcely a page on which somebody does not announce that he is "a little tight" or "very drunk" or "cock-eyed." Awful indeed are the reactions of Prohibition! To any normal human being who has a drink when he wants one, without talking about it all the time, this iteration is not only damnable, but childish.

**Unnatural Naturalisation.** And now let us come to some real Americans and some real human beings. I do not know whether Miss Susan Ertz is yet as fully appreciated in England as I believe she is in her own country; but she certainly ought to be. She has a delicate, gracious, and unforced art in writing, an admirable sanity of outlook, and a neat humour which is all the more engaging because its roots strike into the soil of a genuine wisdom. Those who thoroughly enjoyed, as I did, her "Madame Claire" and "After Noon," will not find their expectations disappointed by "Now East, Now West." Here, again, is the problem of the *déraciné* American. Althea Goodall is the New Yorker who yearns to denationalise herself and to find her spiritual home in London society. George Goodall is all American, but not at all in the Babbitt manner; he is, indeed, the most just and convincing portrait of the sounder type of American business man which I have met for a long time. A Philistine, no doubt, a simple, stern moralist with hopelessly old-fashioned views, such as "a belief in the indestructibility of marriage": a man who "combined simple saintliness and salesmanship in an adorable way." And Althea? Another and a different kind of high-thinker: a snob, social and intellectual. But, again, not exaggerated, not inhuman; not, indeed, without a good deal of attraction;

but so anxious to raise herself and her husband above the least suspicion of Babbitt that she is quite incapable of seeing George's admirable qualities. London is very bad for Althea.

#### Cross-Purposes.

She does see, however, the admirable qualities of the charming Francis Mortlake, and, meanwhile, what she cannot appreciate in George is discovered by Kate Allgood. So there you have the usual situation, four-

square and not without flaw; hardly novel, you will say: but what is novel is that it does not result in the usual cross-ruff of adultery, but in just the kind of estrangements and affections-gone-awry which do happen in real life. The relations between these different couples are worked out with an admirable absence of artificiality or strain upon credulity. These are actual people and the kind of actual things they do and feel. Nor is there any false, arbitrary solution; Althea learns a sharp lesson, and doubtless it will bear fruit in time—but only in time. I was grateful to Miss Ertz for not settling all these domestic problems by one comprehensive flood of tears and one convulsive embrace. But I think George and Althea will be all right in the end, George being now less of a Philistine and Althea (let us hope) less of a snob.

The writing is smooth and apt throughout, and there are constant flashes of shrewd sense—

When an American husband tells me he has the most wonderful little wife in the world, I know it's quite probable that within the next few days I shall hear she's divorcing him on the grounds of incompatibility.

You want a man to be indifferent to women and yet be able to love and understand one woman. It can't be done outside romantic novels. From the general to the particular is the rule in love. You can't hate men and love a man. To know how to love one woman you must love all women, or the idea of woman, which is the same thing.

I always think that for a man to take a woman to wife simply because she attracts him physically is like keeping an elephant because it can pick up pins with its trunk.

But why is it that even the most reliable American writers will drop into things like "you're talking with a great deal more claret than clarity"?

#### Both Sides of the Channel.

Enough, for the moment, of America. It is a great country—but enough of it. Try, for a change, France—the real France of the French, not of the week-end tourist. You will find it, or at all events well-chosen parts of it, in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's "In Praise of France." Here are pictures, boldly and affectionately drawn, not only of the landscape and the architecture of France, but of the life of her people—of work in the vineyards, of the makers of *sabots* at their trade, of a travelling menagerie, of troops training, of the getting of truffles, of angling, of innumerable intimate views of provincial life.

A good deal of space and interest goes to cooking and wine, and in both departments Mr. Gwynn writes as a master. He summarily repudiates the affectation that one ought not to be interested in what one eats, and shows the way to eat well in many parts of France; and one of his most interesting chapters deals with classic works, little known to the English public, of French gastronomy. He is even better on wines, and his chapter on "Vintage Time in Bordeaux" is a delight. I am shocked to learn from him that the time-honoured association of Woman and Wine is all wrong. "In Anjou, at all events, the old-fashioned wine-grower will not let a woman into any place where wine is working. *Il y a de l'influence*, they say: "these perilous creatures may affect the fermentation." Is it that they are a counter-fermentation? A charming and serviceable book.

If you do not wish to leave home, but to "see your own country first," then read Mr. H. V. Morton's "In Search of England." It will provide you, in your arm-chair, with all the pleasures of a motor tour, literally from Land's End to John o' Groats; it will provide you with more, for I doubt whether you yourself can get half as much fun out of a motor tour as the happy wayfarer spirit of Mr. Morton can extract from it. He is a known and esteemed chronicler of London, but he is in better form than ever now he has left the capital for the country. All is treated with a light and witty touch, and he cleverly contrives throughout his tour that people shall be even more entertaining than things. The combination of the two makes a volume of rare pleasure—pleasure enhanced by the excellent illustrations.

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton. (Appleton; 7s. 6d.)

Fiesta. By Ernest Hemingway. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

Now East, Now West. By Susan Ertz. (Ben; 7s. 6d.)

In Praise of France. By Stephen Gwynn. (Nisbet; 10s. 6d.)

In Search of England. By H. V. Morton. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)



AFTER THE CEREMONY IN ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE: MR. DEREK ERSKINE AND HIS BRIDE, MISS ELIZABETH SPURRIER.

The marriage of Mr. Derek Erskine, King's Dragoon Guards, second son of Mr. Monteith Erskine, M.P., to Miss Elizabeth Spurrier, younger daughter of Major R. S. Spurrier, King's Dragoon Guards, and of the late Mrs. Spurrier, was celebrated at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride was given away by her father, and during the signing of the register the Hon. Victoria Erskine sang "O Perfect Love."

Photograph by I.B.



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# Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.

## I.

## "THE HAPPY HUSBAND," AT THE CRITERION.

THE morals of Mr. Harrison Owen's comedy are a little "wonky," but the story is so well told, and the dialogue so free and easy, and often brilliant, that, capitally acted, it makes an excellent evening's entertainment. What I like particularly is that, for once in comedy, the author demonstrates that if often men in the hands of women are mere "mugs," there are circumstances in life when woman's wit is easily defeated by man's cunning. This occurs in "The Happy Husband." He was the irritating, indifferent, phlegmatic type that thumps "I Want to Be Happy" at breakfast time on the piano; forgets all about his wedding day; considers marital kiss and caress after nine years a thing of the past. She, on the other hand, thirsts for love's demonstrations as a wanderer in the desert for a draught of water. And so it happens that, under absurd and funny circumstances, a gay Lothario of the house party has a pasture hour with her late at night. We do not know exactly how far they went, but, sure enough, one of the ladies in the house—through the intrusion of the burglar—is suspected; and as she, vampish as she may seem, can prove her innocence—and, as a matter of fact, all the others, too—the real culprit admits that she was in the room with Lothario. Thereupon the husband laughs loudly and consumedly. His wife? Ridiculous! Here the story might have ended, but the author had an ingenious idea to carry on the third act. The wife was not happy with the Happy Husband because he was indifferent, towards her. That marriage could be nicely patched up if the wife could be convinced that he still loved her—as, in her heart of hearts, she loved him. If only he would show it by a little fervour, something to quicken her blood as well as his own. It is the Lothario, after the manner of the French *raisonneur*, who brings them together. "Play at jealousy," he says—"reopen the question of the night rendezvous, kick up a row, and you will see." The husband acts on that good advice and, lo! he becomes a hero in the eyes of his wife. The embers of passion are once more fanned to flame. Of course, in the case of such a play one must not introspect or moralise—just take it for what it is: a *jeu d'esprit* rendered piquant by a fairly clever observation of people jumbled together at house-parties. I would not accuse the author of actually meaning to convey that something serious happened at the assignation—some people like to play with fire, and a little scorching saves them from serious burns. He had a *blague* to tell, and told it well.

Miss Madge Titheradge as the wife was adorable, full of finesse; Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, the phlegmatic husband to a fault; Mr. A. E. Matthews, one of our finest comedians, and still an evergreen stage lover, played in his usual telling repose; Miss Stella Arbenina cleverly and pictorially outlined a vamp with the soul of innocence, despite her daring dresses and languid ways; everybody else—too many to name—was well cast, and there was rare humour, would-be American, in the person of Mr. Charles Laughton—a cosy, burly packet of human nature with a child-like smile and, when roused, a lion's roar—who added greatly to the mirth of the pleasantry which is "The Happy Husband." J. T. G.

## II.

## "THIS YEAR—NEXT YEAR," AT THE EVERYMAN.

LADY BILL, as her intimate friends called her, was left a widow owing to the loss of her dissolute husband, Lord William Bacton, through an aeroplane accident. So she bethought herself of a plan to raise money and alleviate the pangs of poverty. She persuaded the Archdeacon to make her matron of a rescue home; she cajoled Gunter, the Labour M.P., into making her secretary of some eague; and the Hon. Roland Trunch, who had



"WHITE-BIRDS" IN "TOMAWAMA LAND": THE INDIAN SQUAWS.

"Tomawama Land" is one of the numbers in "White-Birds," at His Majesty's, and is a Red Indian scene, in which Miss Florence Brady plays the leading rôle. Above we picture the charming Squaws.

Photograph by Lenarc.

loved her long ago, bought a smart little hat-shop for her and made her manageress and eventually partner. All these bargains were sealed with a kiss. She prospered, so did her three jobs, and

her three benefactors became her suitors. She dangled prettily with them all and sealed each proposal with a kiss again and the promise of her answer in a year's time. Life ran smoothly; it was hard work, but the pay and fun were good. At the end of the year, the three men came for their answer. It looked promising for the M.P.; but in the nick of time, the arrival of the "presumed dead" husband saved her from bigamy, and a situation which was becoming awkward—for the Hon. Ronnie was entangled with a Society woman, and was wriggling out of his obligations in order to marry Lady Bill. To everyone's surprise, she flew into her husband's arms, in spite of the knowledge that he had faked the accident in order to escape the long arm of justice.

The central idea is good, but its development would have been more amusing if the wife had known all the time that her husband was alive and kicking, and marking time to make money, and if she had by gentle insinuation taken the audience into her confidence. Now the working of the plot becomes a little obvious, because it is natural that where there is a little widow, the flies are round the honey-pot; and when a widow is not only pretty, but also practical, she would seize with both hands every opportunity to swell her exchequer by the various occupations showered upon her. In the hands of the author, who is evidently a novice, the telling of the story drags somewhat, and a vigorous application of the blue pencil, particularly in the first act, would do away with palaver and quicken the interest. However, on the whole, the audience seemed amused, and one or two scenes went to prove that Mr. Ward Dorane has the instinct of the theatre, and with practice may one of these days turn out a capital farce.

Miss Gertrude Elliott acted the leading part with her charm of personality; but her impersonation would be even more effective if she would cast all sentiment to the winds and play in the frolicsome spirit of the renowned Merry Widow. Miss Helen Ferrers gave one of her well-known Society mother studies with aplomb, and Miss Violet Graham was the calculating smart woman-about-town to her finger-tips. As the Labour M.P., Mr. Milton Rosmer was true Lancashire—hearty, gently rough, and sincere: a very good portrayal. Mr. Brian Aherne made the Hon. Roland Trunch sympathetic; he had all the tone of the Foreign Office about him, and in his devotion to Lady Bill was convincing. His treatment of his *chère amie* was not very charming; but that was the fault of the story, not of the impersonation. Mr. Douglas Jefferies's study of the Archdeacon was excellent—the right mingling of Church and Society. J. T. G.

## III.

## "WILD-CAT HETTY," AT THE SAVOY.

I EXPECTED something clever and novel from Miss Florence A. Kilpatrick. Her first play, "Virginia's Husbands," was sensitive and charming. "Wild-Cat Hetty," however, provides only an excellent acting part for Miss Dorothy Minto; but the story is merely Shaw's "Pygmalion" minus its wit and introspection, upholstered with much good old material from the theatrical repository.

Young Stephen Tredegar is an idealist. He holds that human nature can be reformed by environment. His friend, the dry but long-headed



IN "GOOD-NIGHT," ONE OF THE NUMBERS OF "WHITE-BIRDS": M. MAURICE CHEVALIER AND MISS CELIA GLYNN.

M. Maurice Chevalier, the French comedian, and one of the idols of Paris, is appearing in "White-Birds," at His Majesty's. Above we picture him in the sketch entitled "Good-Night."—[Photograph by Lenarc.]

[Continued on Page xxx.]



## The Golfer Who Learned to Putt.

By R. Endersby Howard.



**Salad Days.** Thomas D. Armour, the new open champion of the United States, affords as striking an example as I know of a golfer who has converted himself from a thoroughly bad putter into an extraordinarily good one. When he was an amateur in this country, his capacity for wasting strokes near the hole was almost unbelievable. He must surely have been the origin of the story about a caddy who, asked how his side had come to lose a certain match, replied: "Well, we drove like a hero, and we approached like an angel, but we putted just like a — monkey." Armour seemed to have positively no idea as to how to lay a long putt dead, or get a short one into the hole. He would contort himself into a variety of shapes, and perform the most hair-raising eccentricities in addressing the ball. I remember that when he met Mr. Carl Bretherton in the final of the Irish open amateur championship, the referee became seriously concerned about a singularity of method which Armour suddenly developed in the stress of his uncertainty on the green. He sought to concentrate, not merely, as many people do, by grounding the club in front of the ball and then behind it, but by pounding the turf in front with a series of nervous blows, until at length the official told him that he might be contravening the rule which prohibits the player from touching the line of a putt "except by placing the club immediately in front of the ball in the act of addressing it." Naturally, he putted worse than ever after that.

### Three Putters in the Forth.

It was sheer nervous tension, born of an utter lack of system, and the more remarkable because from the time that Armour made his first appearance in important events, which was in a tournament at Montrose in 1919, his iron-play stamped him as a golfer of rare possibilities. He did not win, but the excellence of his iron play—the very essence of control, snap and accuracy—was unmistakable; and, happening to be there, I wrote at the time that a new champion in the making had been unearthed. Still, having disclosed himself, it took him a long while to advance to the front of the stage, and all because he kept on tripping over his putts. Seeing that even Armour has conquered this weakness—this jabbing and poking and snatching at the ball which produces every kind of result—there surely must be hope for anybody. Not long before he turned professional, we were crossing the Forth Bridge

discussing his foible, when he rose suddenly from his seat, took out the three putters which his bag contained, and tossed them solemnly through the railway carriage window into the depths of the firth below. "Now they can't let me down again," he remarked complacently.

### Chastenment as a Charm.

Whether that is really a good way to learn putting is open to question. I remember a man in the seclusion of a private round who, having missed four short putts in succession, swung his putter round his body like a hammer-thrower preparing

the player went back and recovered the club himself; holed a long putt with it on the next green; learnt to putt like a magician with it; and always after wanted the same caddy as his henchman. I suppose that the moral to this story is that throwing away a putter does not necessarily help the cause, however good it may be for trade. All the evidence goes to show that it is the practice of a system that makes the putting good.

**Elbows as the Key.** That is how Armour has succeeded. The Americans unquestionably have a system, and its basic principle is that the elbows point more or less outwards from beginning to end of the swing, instead of being held into the sides of the body. Virtually all their best players have that trait in some degree. It is especially marked in Mr. Francis Ouimet; but it exists in the methods of the other leading golfers who have cultivated the American way of pursuing golf. Dr. William Tweddell, the new amateur champion of Britain, has it, and is whole-hearted in his belief in it. He told me the other day that he feels that it eliminates the danger of pushing the club-head off the line of the putt during the swing. It means swinging the club with the arms instead of working it with the wrists; it is the perfect pendulum movement, as distinct from the snatch at the ball.

**Admonishment.** We are constantly being told that before we can hope to beat America at golf we must learn to putt. We are rapidly acquiring the desperate character of naughty boys who simply will not do what they are told; who will insist on getting into mischief on the putting green. Edward Ray, captain of the British team who recently tried to carry off the United States open championship, proclaims for all he is worth our need to learn putting, and his colleagues support him. But no testimony is more convincing than the success of Armour. The plain truth seems to be that precedent and custom make it incumbent upon the person who plays golf in the United States to study and practise putting. It is a positive fact that a really bad American putter has never been seen in this country, and I have watched all their leading men since the days when Mr. W. J. Travis, of New York, won our amateur championship in 1904. It looks as though it would pay us to institute a national school of putting, so that the problem of proficiency at it might be probed to the bottom by the men who are best at it, and the results promulgated to a people that evidently needs a system.



MODERN MALE GOLFING FASHIONS IN THE SALON:  
THE HON. JACK STERN—BY P. DE COSTA.

The Hon. Jack Stern is the only brother of the second Lord Michelham. The above portrait, which shows a modern artist's vision of modern male golfing attire—plus fours and a chess-board jersey and stockings—was exhibited in the Salon this year.

From the Salon Picture by P. de Costa.

for business, and hurled it into the woods fifty yards away. Then, having walked to the next teeing ground, he repented and told his caddy to go and fetch the discarded club. The caddy flatly declined. "You threw it there; you go and find it if you want it," he replied stolidly. So



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**Venetian Orange Skin Food.** Keeps the skin well nourished. Excellent for a thin, lined or ageing face, and as a preventive of fading and lines. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

**Venetian Velva Cream.** A delicate skin food for sensitive skins.

Keeps the skin soft and smooth. Recommended for a full face, as it nourishes without fattening. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

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**Venetian Pore Cream.** A greaseless astringent cream which contracts open pores, corrects their laxness and refines the coarsest skin. 4/6.

**Venetian Flower Powder.** A powder of immaculate purity, finely textured, delicately perfumed. White, Cream, Naturelle, Rose, Special Rachel, Spanish Rachel. 6/6.

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A shady hat of red manilla straw, which may be seen at the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, W.

### The Sixth Sense—or the Sale Instinct.

To many things has been attributed the sixth sense of a woman, but at this time of year it becomes apparent that to some at least the sixth sense means the true sale instinct. How is it that some shoppers find wonderful bargains in a minute, while others search for days and come home with a host of things they do not want? Undoubtedly, this famous sixth sense causes the difference.

Translated, it means that sale catalogues and any hints regarding each shop have been carefully studied before setting forth, and no time is lost wandering from place to place while others rush in and capture the prizes. Indecision is fatal to economy. This year, owing to the bad weather and the fact that we have really had only a few days of hot sunshine, summer clothes are being disposed of at miraculously low prices, just in time for the holidays. To-day the curtain rises on the first sale comedies, tragedies, and dramas.

### Smart Hats from Paris.

You are always certain of finding

## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By  
MABEL HOWARD.

smart little French hats at the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, W., and the trio pictured on this page are pleasantly moderate in price. The shady red Manilla straw on the left trimmed with petersham is available for £1 19s., and the pervenche-blue felt opposite is 22s. The neat little hat in the centre of scarlet petersham and felt costs 25s. The very latest mid-season millinery shows a felt crown allied with a rather small straw brim or vice-versa, often carried out in two colours. These can be obtained from 3 guineas; and for 25s. there are delightful little crinoline cloche hats which are charming for wearing with light summer frocks.

### Distinctive Frocks and Suits.

Frocks and suits whose ambition is to be a little different from other people's are to be found at Emme's, 86, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., where was sketched the simple little dress in bois-de-



Scarlet felt and petersham make this "chic" little Paris hat, which was sketched in the salons of the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, W.

rose marocain completed with a neat posy of flowers pictured on the left. The price is only 4½ guineas, and there are many others in various styles and materials ranging from this amount. Light summer frocks of flowered crepe-de-Chine are available for 3½ guineas, and dance frocks for 4½ guineas, beaded, embroidered, and plain. Lovely evening coats of gold or silver tissue with long fur revers can be obtained for 6 guineas: really wonderful investments.

### 25 per Cent. Off Fur Prices.

Summer is undoubtedly the time to invest in furs, and during the present sale at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., 25 per cent. is allowed off usual winter prices. The kolinsky hamper coat with a fox collar pictured on the right is available for 28 guineas. Long coats of leopard gazelle trimmed with beaver coney can be secured



A smart French felt at the Galeries Lafayette in pervenche blue trimmed with petersham.

for 8½ guineas, and coats of the fashionable summer ermine kid with contrasting collars are 16 guineas. Squirrel coats range from 39 guineas, and those of mink marmot are 21 guineas. For evening wear, there are capes of white coney skilfully worked like ermine, available for 9½ guineas. Then grey fox stoles can be secured for 4 guineas, and dyed cross fox for 6½ guineas, while single-skin choker ties in natural fitch are only 3 guineas. A catalogue illustrating many other sale bargains will be sent post free on request.

### Hosts of Bargains.

There are real bargains to be found in every department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., during their summer sale, which begins to-day. A typical example is the knitted stockinette three-piece jumper suit pictured on page 664, which has been reduced from 5 guineas to 73s. 6d. Then there are perfectly cut flannel suits (in the coat-and-skirt department), available for 98s. 6d., actual value 6½ guineas; and a selection of two-piece ensembles suitable for the early autumn are offered at 12½ guineas. In



A beautiful coat of kolinsky hamper collared with fox, which comes from the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. (Continued overleaf.)

A simple little frock, expressed in red marocain, with an apron skirt, which may be found at Emme's, 86, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.



In the salons of Floris, the famous parfumeur, of 89, Jermyn Street, W., are to be found these fascinating toilet luxuries—a finely cut glass bottle for rose-water, a decorative bath-salts jar, and a Japanese wooden powder-bowl. This is also the home of many exquisite perfumes.

the inexpensive evening dress department there are beaded frocks lined with crêpe-de-Chine, reduced to 98s. 6d., and a host of pretty dance frocks at £5 18s. 6d.; while graceful gowns for the older woman, of georgette and satin, are available for the same amount. Pretty tea-frocks of printed chiffon, lined with Jap, can be secured for 78s. 6d., and copies of French models are reduced to 10½ guineas. For wearing under summer frocks, princess slips of broché crêpe-de-Chine at £1, and printed satin petticoats, reduced from 49s. 6d. to 20s., are splendid investments.

#### Bargains in Lingerie.

There are many tempting opportunities in the sphere of lingerie to be found at Robinson and Cleaver's (Regent Street, W.) summer sale, which is now in progress, and lasts throughout July. The pretty nightdress pictured here, for instance, costs only 5s. 9d., fashioned of cambric in lovely shades of coral, mauve, sky-blue, etc. There are camibockers to match at 5s. 6d., or the set complete is available for 10s. 11d. There are also most attractive pyjamas of coloured crepon faced with a gay figured design available for 5s. 11d.; and crêpe-de-Chine nighties have been reduced to 19s. 11d. Many oddments in camiknickers and chemises have been reduced to practically half their original prices, and special reductions are shown in elastic sports belts offered at 3s. 9d., and artificial silk brassières at 1s. 11d. Children's linen overalls at 1s. 11½d., sizes 16-20, are other bargains.

#### A Two Weeks' Sale.

July 4 is the opening day of the fortnight's sale at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., where there are

department, pretty crêpe-de-Chine frocks can be secured for 39s. 6d., and others of printed chiffon for 89s. 6d. There are a few models marked down to £2, £3 or £4. Charming printed voile wrappers, which are ideal for summer holidays, are 29s. 6d. In the blouse salon a few broché velvet tunics, trimmed with fur, are 69s. 6d., instead of 5½ guineas; and in the sports woollies, sleeveless waistcoats or jumpers are 10s. 6d., and model jumper suits of various materials can be secured for 8 guineas.



Costing a few shillings only in the present sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W., is this simple nightdress of coloured cambric, prettily embroidered.



A noteworthy bargain in the summer sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., is this neat cardigan ensemble. (See page 663.)

wonderful bargains in every department. Evening frocks, formerly 14½ and 18½ guineas, are offered at 7½ guineas, and some are £5 18s. 6d.; while in the tea-gown

page are a group of typical toilet-table luxuries to be found in this house of delicate perfumes. The beautifully cut-glass bottle contains rose-water, and the jar, bath salts.

#### Lovely Perfumes from Floris.

There are very few of the thousands of well-dressed women in London who do not know Floris, the famous parfumeur of 89, Jermyn Street, W.; and if there are any who have not tried his perfumes, there is a pleasure in store for the finished connoisseur. His latest inspiration is Bathofloris, concentrated bath essence, which softens and perfumes the water, leaving as an after-effect a wonderful feeling of vigour and perfumed freshness. Only a few drops are needed each time, and a 10s. 6d. bottle lasts a very long while. Of the perfumes, which are obtainable from 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., Cuire de Russie is the latest, with a scent as distinctive and fascinating as its name; while Jasmine, Roman Hyacinth, and Malmaison (the last an exact copy of the flower) are still firm favourites. Sketched at the top of this



# UNIQUE Sale of Shoes by RANDALL'S

Real Lizard one-bar pointed or medium toes, with Louis or leather heels, fawn shade. Reduced to - - 31/6

Real Lizard skin, one-bar, medium toes, low leather heels. Smart and comfortable. Reduced to - - 34/6

Court or One-Bar shoe, in the new "Opalango" leather. Smart shape, Louis heels. Fashionable shades of Caramel or Blonde Reduced to 20/-



JULY  
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Real Lizard, One-Bar, natural grey shade, pointed toes and Louis heels. Reduced to - - 39/6

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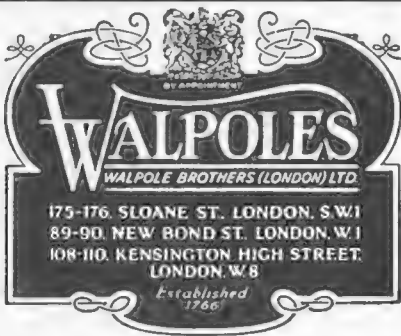
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A DISTINCTIVE original model by Jenny, of special quality navy char-melaine. Specially designed for the small woman, this coat is ideal for early Autumn wear.

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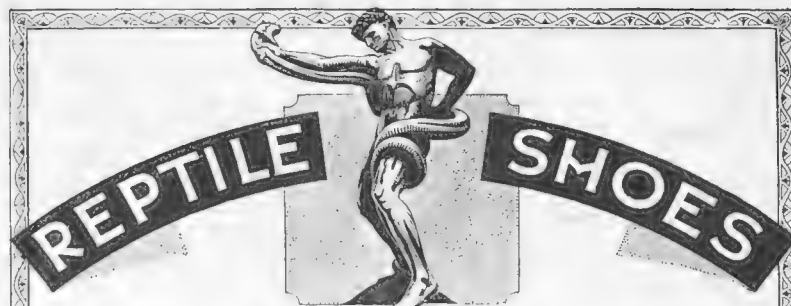
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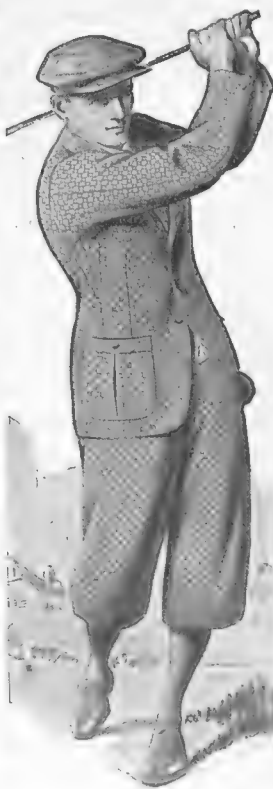


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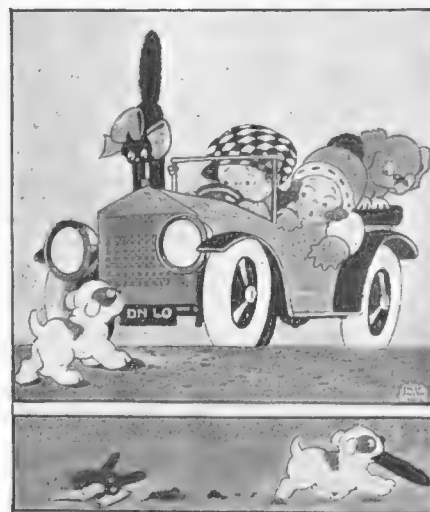
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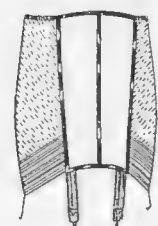
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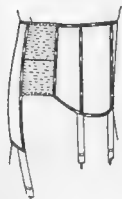
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Something  
different  
in Corsetry  
for Summer  
and Tropical  
Wear.



Model No. 0307.  
A similar Model to  
No. 0303.  
Sizes: 24-32.  
16/9



Model No. 0311.  
Suspender Belt.  
Sizes: 24-32.  
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THE Warner's Shadow Garment supplies the most appropriate corsetry for summer and tropical wear. It is a dainty transparent garment, cool and comfortable to wear, and is lighter yet stronger than an ordinary coutil corset.

Made of Herculean Double French Voile, with satin covered boning, the corsets wash as well as silk lingerie, and their hygienic value in hot climates will be readily appreciated. There is a Shadow Garment model for every type of figure, in a wide range of sizes and prices, as described below:—

The Warner Shadow Wrap-around (such as the figure above holds) is Model No. 0303. Side fastening Model. Sizes: 24-34, **32/6**. There is also Model No. 0375, with busk central. Sizes: 26-36, **32/6**. The figure is wearing The Warner Shadow Corselette. Model No. 3354. Sizes: 32-42, **32/6**.

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*Illustrated Booklet "The Keynote of the Costume," fully describing the Warner Shadow Garment, sent free on request.*

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No. 177.

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Reduced from **£7**  
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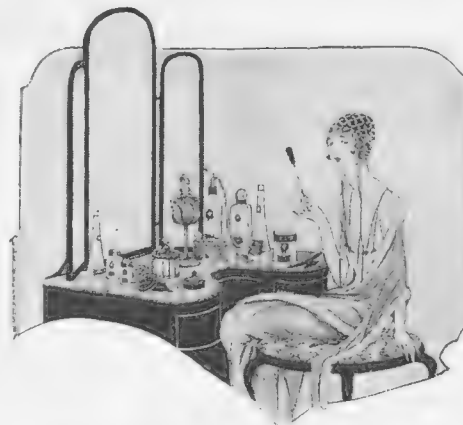


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£18

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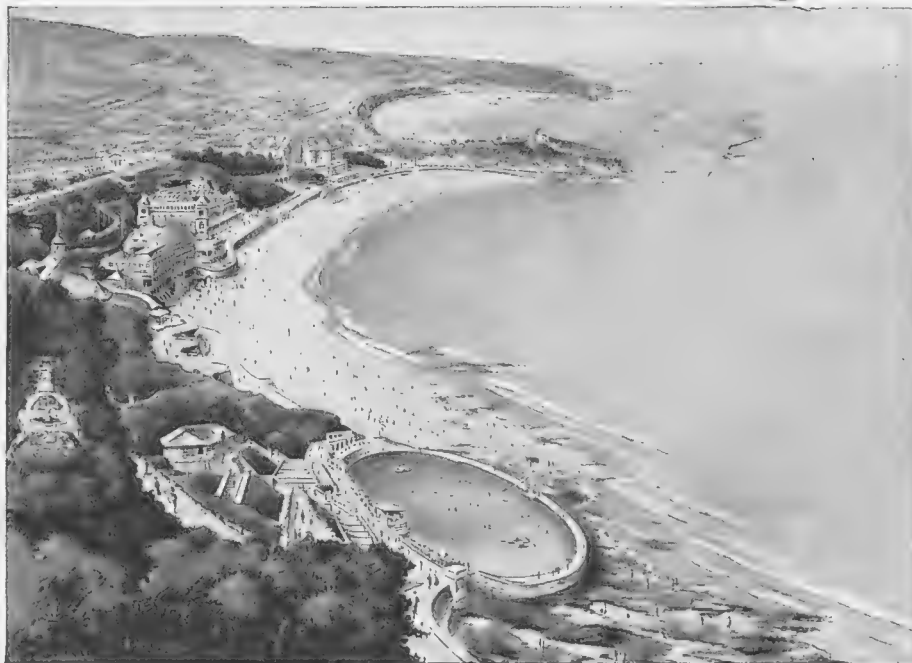
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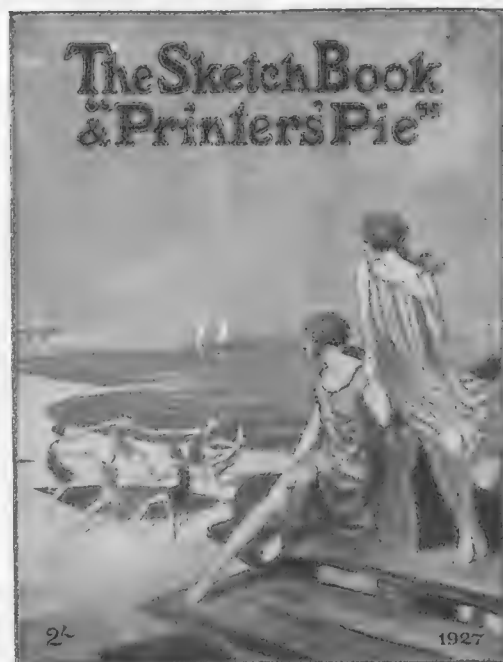
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MATERNITY GOWNS, COR-  
SETS, LAYETTES AND  
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WRAPS & MILLINERY  
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Mist Blue is the softly be-  
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Jumper Suit in thin  
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9 Gns.

A Hat of Felt with Peters-  
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Warm baths with Cuticura Soap, after outdoor exercise, cleanse, cool and freshen the skin. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment they do much to allay irritation, redness and roughness of the face and hands and keep the skin soft and clear under all conditions of exposure.

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# VASCO

## On Permanently Waved Hair

BY REQUEST

The "Cock's Comb"  
Coiffure after a  
Permanent  
Wave.



WHEN I write that you should seek expert advice and workmanship for everything you may require done to your hair, I do so because experience has taught me that some of you like to try what is presented as new or cheap, or both. The new, if it is really a novelty, certainly tempts anyone, but the cheapness should warn you off it, because cheapness and high quality do not go together.

Permanent Hair Waving is not the work of machines or preparations as many want you to believe. If the machines, no matter which make, and the preparations are accessories for the operation, the human skill is the principal factor, and the brain behind it has to have full knowledge of the quality, texture and composition of the hair to achieve success.

Why the hundreds and hundreds of failures I hear of, failures which take months and months to restore to normal conditions? I take the liberty of telling you that those who have been careless enough to either forego the perfect attention had at an Establishment of repute, just to try the bombastically introduced so-called novelty, or were tempted by the cheapness offered, must discriminate—in fact, must become wiser. My motto is, "Seek real trustworthy expert advice, which can be had either by personal consultation or by letter free of charge, and follow it with confidence." You Ladies ought to have ever present in mind that your hair is your (*for times immemorial chanted*) glory, which, if perfectly permanently waved and dressed, will be an adornment to your features, an asset to your general appearance, the finishing touch to the whole scheme of perfect elegance upon which you spend so much time and take so much trouble.

For your guidance I take the opportunity to illustrate on these pages two heads of hair perfectly permanently waved. The first one represents an extreme style in elegance, the other a more practical one, because it is likely to suit the majority. However, I want to draw your attention to the fact that my artist Permanent Wavers have absolutely distinguished the one "masterpiece" from the other simply by cleverly manipulating the hair, which was totally different in quality, colour, and substance.

The young lady whose photograph is on the left page has hair of a most difficult texture to work on, finer than silk and having barely any power of resistance. Our "STEAMETTE" process was applied, and the operator worked the hair in a special way to ensure a wave of a medium size, as otherwise very little satisfactory result would have been obtained because smaller waves on delicate hair give a better opportunity to the Artist Coiffeur to effect a perfect *ensemble*.

For the other, who has such strong hair that we could have used our Super-Rapid process but for the delicate fair colour, the operator employed the OIL BORAXINE, and produced larger waves.

It would have been easier to accentuate their marking, but why have unnatural-looking waves which would be a never-ending source of trouble and annoyance because of their susceptibility to get frizzy? Medium size or large waves last as long as small ones — therefore, when you have your hair Permanently Waved you ought to insist on soft, natural waves. After all, a clever Permanent Hair Waver's aim ought to be to imitate and improve, if possible, on what nature kindly gives only to a few—NATURALLY WAVY HAIR.

T. VASCO.



Winner of  
Prize of Honour  
for Permanent  
Hair Waving.

My processes for Waving Hair Permanently are :  
"The Steamette" (no electricity used),  
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Ladies' own hair permanently waved by our perfected process which dispenses with the use of electric heaters. Charming results ensured.

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Original Price .. 25 Gns.  
**SALE PRICE 16½ Gns.**  
**12 Moleskin Capes and Coats** in various workings.  
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**Well-Tailored Stockinette Coats**, of which the above is an example, in self colour.  
Usual Prices 8½ to 14 Gns.  
**SALE PRICE 5 Gns.**  
A limited number only.



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Shingled Toupet.

Late of  
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**45-46, NEW BOND STREET,  
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where his clientèle will receive comfortable and efficient treatment with the most modern and artistic equipment, in the hands of qualified experts.

Consultations and advice free on all matters concerning the well-being and growth of the Hair.

Improved method of Permanent Waving a speciality. Shingled Toupets, exact copies of nature in every detail.

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Light Brown  
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There are Satin Evening Shoes at 5/-, 10/- and 15/-, Brocades (gold, silver and multi-colour) at 10/- and 15/-. Brown, Patent, Beige and Grey Bar Shoes at 10/- and 15/-.

The examples  
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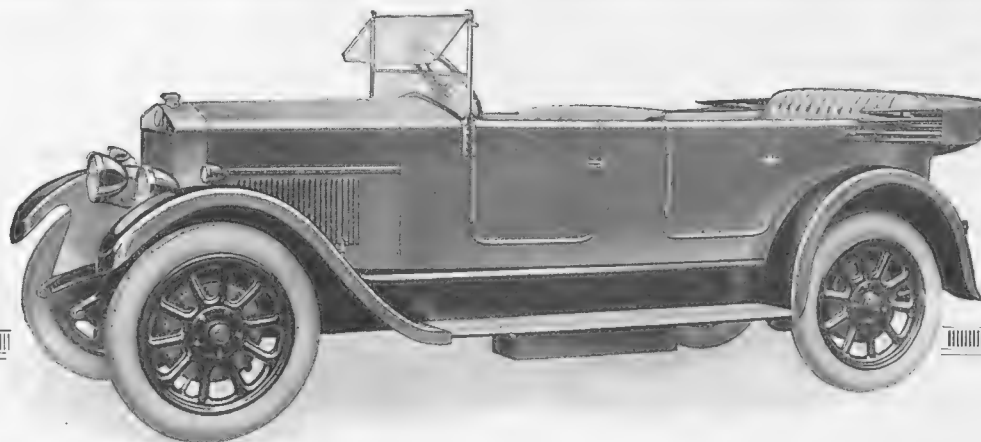
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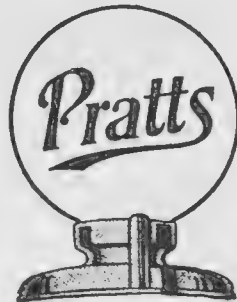
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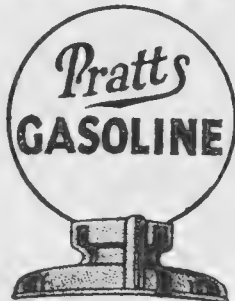
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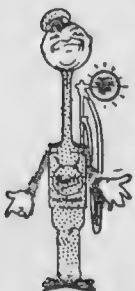
Intended primarily for commercial vehicles, where power and economy are essential, but also suits many touring cars better than most so-called "No. 1" spirits, and is much cheaper than Benzol Mixture.



You cannot buy cheaper mileage or greater satisfaction in any other motor fuels than in Pratts, no matter how low the prices of others may seem. The *absolute purity* of Pratts motor fuels protects your engine against gumming of the valves or contamination of the lubricating oil, through unvaporised residues.

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## EXPERT OPINION Concerning The Supremacy of The En-Tout-Cas Hard Lawn TENNIS COURT

200 of the *leading* Lawn Tennis Clubs in Great Britain are advertising Tournaments in the 1927 issue of "The Lawn Tennis Tournament Guide."

### AN ENQUIRY

has revealed the fact that the majority of these clubs have hard courts—approximating a total of 458 courts in all.

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ON THE 1st. JUNE 1927 OVER 250  
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**WOMAN'S WAYS.** (Continue 1.)**A Nonetta Parting Transformation.**

There are distinct signs that, for the older woman at least, a long-haired coiffure can be as fashionable as the shingle. Sketched on this page is one of the latest Nonetta parting transformations created by the Maison Nicol, of 170, New Bond Street, W. Made of naturally wavy hair, every detail is perfect, and on the head it is indistinguishable from nature. The hair can be brushed and combed in the ordinary way, and the parting altered at will. Transformations range from 18 guineas. Shingled head-dresses are also a speciality of this firm, carrying out the sleek, closely waved silhouette or the head of clustered curls which is becoming more and more fashionable. For every sports enthusiast contemplating a holiday by the sea permanently waved hair is indispensable, and it must be noted that this firm have a special steam process which achieves soft, natural waves without injuring the hair.

**For One Week Only.**

Friday, July 8, is the remnant day of the great sale at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., which lasts only from July 4 to 9. There are evening frocks of georgette reduced from 5½ guineas to 60s.; and a trim, perfectly tailored box-pleated jumper suit in checked hopsack, which is ideal for the holidays, can be secured for 30s. Several colours are available, but there are 100 only. Then, natural tussore jumper suits, finished with pearl buttons and a neat waistcoat effect, are only 18s. 11d. A three-piece outfit in fine stockinette, with sleeveless

coat and square-necked jumper, is obtainable for 39s. 6d. complete; and for travelling there are well-tailored flannel suits in light or dark grey or beige, reduced to 55s. 6d;



*This well-groomed coiffure for the older woman is a Nonetta transformation created by the Maison Nicol, of 170, New Bond Street, W. It is indistinguishable from nature, and the hair can be brushed and combed.*

while one-bar brogues with welted leather soles are 18s. 9d. the pair. Two-skin marmot ties are offered at 2½ guineas (half price), and red fox ties, usually 5

guineas, are cut to 2 guineas. Amongst the children's holiday bargains are girls' frocks of light-weight flannel, offered at 25s.; mackintosh coats at 10s., and gabardine coats at 15s., instead of 84s. Linen frocks, prettily hand-embroidered, are only 7s. 11d., sizes 26 in. to 38 in.

**Beginning July 4.**

At Goringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., the sale continues throughout July, and many gilt-edged investments are obtainable. Models are reduced in some cases to less than half cost price, a typical example being a satin race-gown by Agnes, costing 48 guineas, being offered for 18 guineas; 250 afternoon, semi-evening, and evening frocks, originally 4½ to 7½ guineas, are reduced to 59s. 6d. each; and there are fur-trimmed coats at 69s. 6d. instead of 8½ guineas. In the inexpensive frock department, cotton voiles, in a variety of designs are offered at 21s. 9d., and several afternoon dresses in figured crêpe-de-Chine are reduced from 6 guineas to 79s. 6d. Splendid half-price offers are washable French suède embroidered gloves for 3s. 11½d., and coloured silk chubby umbrellas for sun or rain at 12s. 9d.

**Pearls at Biarritz.**

In addition to their fine salons in London, Paris, Nice, Berlin, and New York, the house of Tecla, world-renowned for their reproductions of pearls and other precious gems, are now opening show-rooms in that ultra-fashionable resort, Biarritz. These pearls are wonderful reproductions of the deep-sea gem, and have the most delicate tint and texture.

# Both doing well!

The mother who begins taking Almata some weeks before baby comes will be stronger and better fitted for the responsibilities of motherhood.

Almata is the mother food. It is exactly what is required to build up stamina, and has often made it possible for mothers to "nurse" their babies properly by promoting the flow of breast milk.

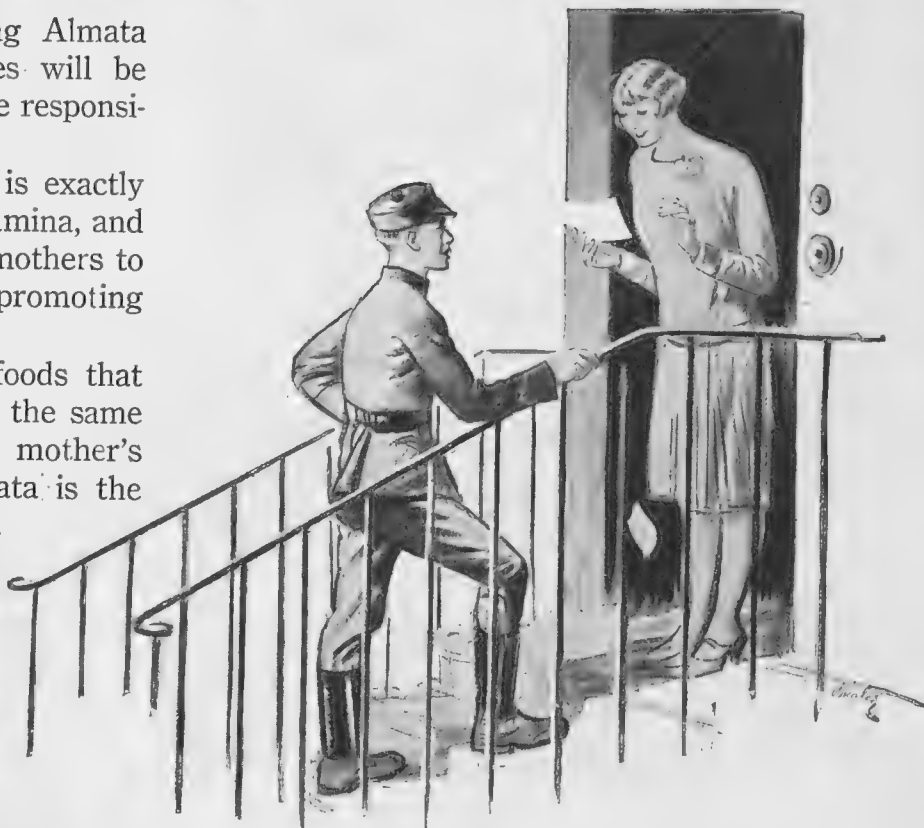
Almata is a blend of natural foods that contains the same vitamins and the same balance of food constituents as mother's milk. For bottle-fed babies Almata is the next-best-thing to mother's milk.

# "ALMATA"

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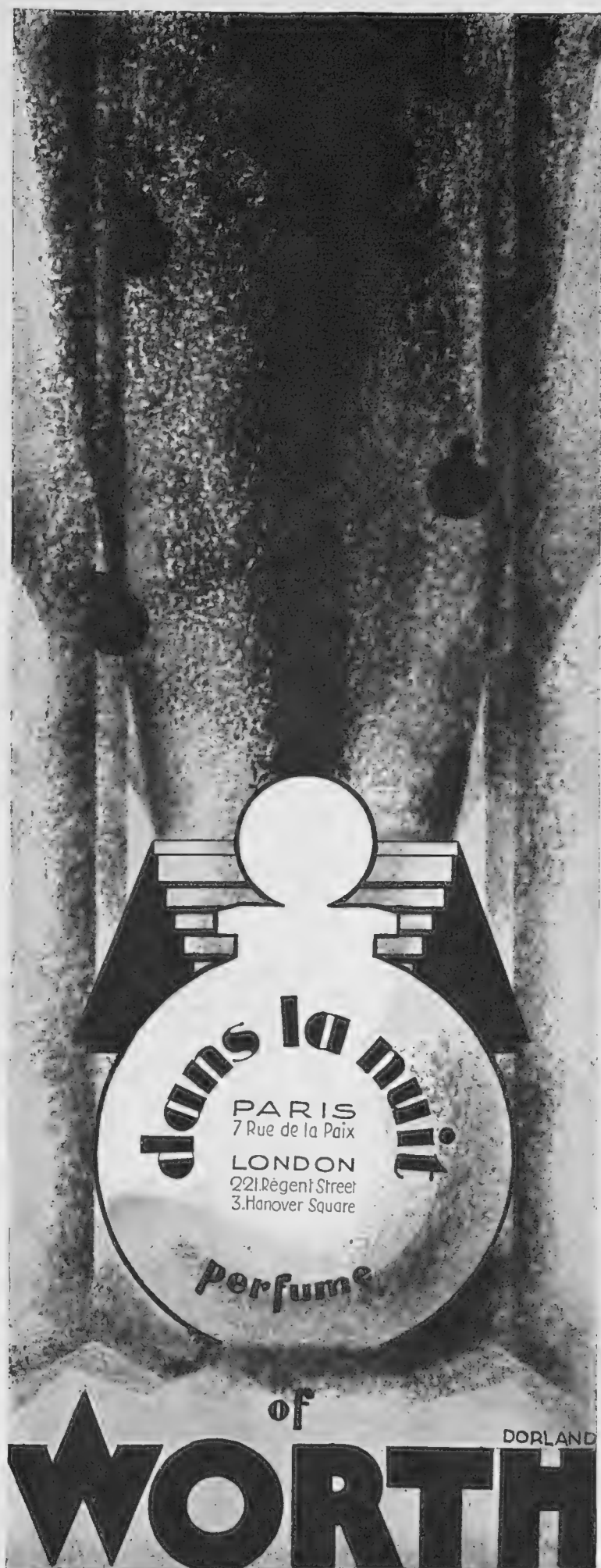
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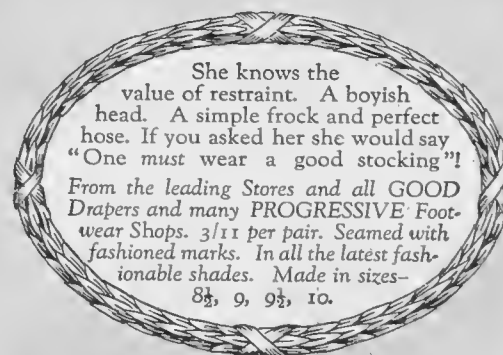
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# Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

## Rolls-Royce School of Instruction.

Established over sixteen years ago at Derby, the Rolls-Royce School of Instruction has been of great assistance to Rolls-Royce owners and drivers in becoming proficient in the maintenance, care, and handling of these cars. Up to the end of 1924, the instruction classes were held at Derby, at the works; but in April 1925 the school, with its staff, was removed to London, and is now established at Seleng House, Ewell, Surrey, which is an ideal position from many points of view. It is within easy reach of London by road, and a very good service of electric trains is provided from Waterloo to Epsom Station, which is only three-quarters of a mile from the school. The house itself, with its excellent grounds, was for many years in private occupation, so that it has all the accommodation for housing quite a large number of what may be termed pupils; and the surrounding district being of a hilly character is a distinct advantage from the instruction point of view in driving. Besides the necessary class-room and garages, Seleng House provides accommodation for eighteen students at one time. A visit paid there last week by the writer revealed not only a house full of resident students, but also others who had made the local hotel their home, and came to the school for instruction purposes only. One of the advantages of this Rolls-Royce school of instruction is that the pupil is given the information solely on the type of car of which he or she is about to take charge; so the classes are divided into three distinct sections, dealing respectively with the 40-50-h.p. New Phantom, the 40-50-h.p. Silver Ghost type, and the 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce. The course occupies twelve days, which may commence on any Monday morning and continue until the following Saturday week, so that the student is only one week-end away from home. Both owners and their chauffeurs were present for instruction on the occasion of this visit, and the lectures given in each course covered the engine and its adjustment and lubrication, the ignition, the gear-box, the back axle and transmission, the brakes and Servo motor, carburation and petrol-supply system and the best methods of starting

up, the electrical equipment, the steering mechanism, the cooling system, chassis lubrication, the tyres, springing and shock-absorbers, and also the care of the body-work. A separate class-room is maintained for each type of chassis, and this class-room contains that chassis and a complete set of its units, so that they can be examined both in part and as a whole. Also, these units are all sectioned, so that their functions may readily be grasped by the pupil. The instructors themselves, as one listened to their discourse, were



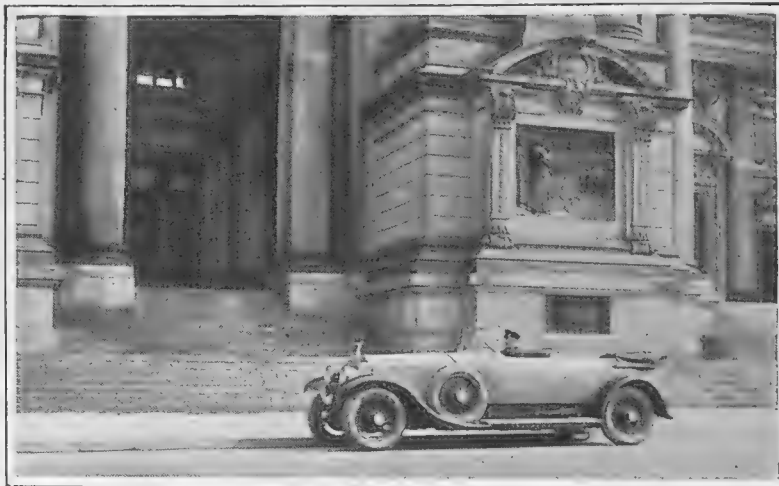
learn all that was necessary to know about it and its handling before leaving at the end of the fortnight. Naturally, quite half the time is taken on the road in practical driving; but the road work is not confined to such matters as silent gear-changing and the finer points of driving, for due emphasis is laid upon road observances and courtesies, signs and signals, handling the car in traffic,

reversing, starting and stopping the car, smooth use of brakes, the avoidance of excessive speed, starting up on steep inclines, and how to take acute bends in the road. The knowledge of how to obtain the best running results is also imparted, using the car to its greatest advantage and with the most pleasure to its possessor. For the chauffeurs who are in the employment of Rolls-Royce car owners the charge for the complete course of instruction, including board and accommodation at Seleng House during the twelve days, is £12 inclusive; and as special attention is paid to the catering, and the bed-rooms are large and airy, with adequate bath-room accommodation, it is not surprising to learn that nearly five hundred pupils were trained at the school in 1926. Naturally, the Rolls-Royce owners stay at an hotel

near by, and many owners and members of their families take the opportunity of taking the course at the same time as their drivers, so that they will know as much as their paid mechanics. It is an excellent scheme, as, if the car is properly looked after, there can be no question

that it lasts longer and gives better service with the smallest amount of expenditure in repairs and adjustments. At the same time, while this school gives excellent instruction as regards what may be termed ordinary daily service, running repairs, and adjustments, it in no way pretends to transform the ex-coachman into a skilled mechanic; but it makes him a most efficient chauffeur, as big repairs that require the assistance of proper tools and workshop facilities should be done at the manufacturers' service station either at Derby, London, or elsewhere, according to the district in which the owner of the car may reside. It makes a pleasant

[Continued overleaf.]



OUTSIDE THE WESTERN ENTRANCE OF THE CATHEDRAL AT BERLIN :  
A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE NEW PHANTOM.

The above photograph shows a 40-50-h.p. New Phantom Rolls-Royce, fitted with a touring body. It is standing outside the western entrance of the Cathedral at Berlin.

particularly clear and simple in their language, so that one did not need to be a highly skilled mechanic to comprehend easily the technical details of their lecture. In fact, one could go to these classes of instruction after having bought any of the Rolls-Royce cars, with perfect confidence that one would



THE WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX DE FRANCE : NO. 3 BENTLEY, WITH DR. BENJAFIELD AT THE WHEEL, TURNING THE MULSANNE CORNER.

No. 3 Bentley, driven alternately by Dr. Benjafield and Mr. S. C. H. Davis, won the Grand Prix de France twenty-four-hours' race. The Bentley competitors put up a remarkable performance, for Nos. 1 and 2 crashed after striking a disabled French car, and were unable to proceed, although No. 1 car, driven by F. C. Clement, had beaten all records for the course, being nine minutes ahead of the next competitor, averaging 73.01 miles per hour. In our photograph No. 2 Bentley is shown with Baron d'Erlanger at the wheel, just in front of No. 3 Bentley.—[Photo. by courtesy of the "Motor."]

# ROLLS-ROYCE

## THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

'To those who can afford the luxury the Rolls-Royce car is a first-class investment. . . .

'When all is said and done, the Rolls-Royce represents the highest standard of excellence in motor engineering throughout the world.

'So many superlatives have been used in describing the "world's best car" that one feels that the English language is almost inadequate to do full justice to its merits and its worth, or to the satisfaction it invariably gives to all those who are fortunate enough to own one.'

THE MOTOR NEWS on June 4th, 1927

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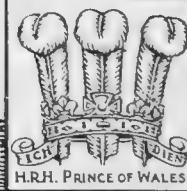
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H.M. THE QUEEN.



H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

Kennington Service.



*Continued.*

twelve days' holiday for the owner and also for the chauffeur, as he combines instruction with ample leisure to ponder over it, with much practical experience from associating with Rolls-Royce enthusiasts over the period.

**Hooper  
Coachbuilt  
Motor  
Carriages.**

A wonderful work of art in its pictorial illustrations of Hooper's motor carriages has just been issued by that well-known firm of coach-builders. The firm of Hooper and Co. was established in the Haymarket, London, more than a century ago, and rapidly gained a world-wide reputation for chariots, barouches, and for postillion carriages, which, prior to the birth of railway travelling, provided the chief means of long-distance travelling. The experience gained in these early days is now being reflected in the high quality

of the motor carriages at present being built by Hooper's; and it is not surprising, therefore, that this firm has been honoured by a long list of Royal and distinguished patrons, including the reigning Sovereigns

landau for King Edward VII., as well as practically all the motor-cars for our present King and Queen Mary.

The illustration of his Majesty's State coach issuing from the gates of

Buckingham Palace, as the frontispiece to the beautiful representations of modern motor carriages of their design in this new catalogue, reminds one that, although the motor carriage is almost supreme, there are occasions when the horse-drawn vehicle takes precedence. Those desirous of seeing depicted the latest types of enclosed cabriolets, single cabriolets, town broughams, sporting two-seaters, and ordinary touring motor carriages, can do no better

than ask Messrs. Hooper and Co. (Coach-builders), Ltd., to forward them their latest art production, which is a most attractive one.



**ON THEIR WAY TO HAMPTONS: AN IMPRESSIVE CONSIGNMENT OF BLANKETS.**

This snapshot gives some idea of the large scale on which a famous firm such as Hamptons does business, as it pictures a consignment of all-wool Witney blankets on its way to the business premises of the company.

of this country. Hooper and Co. altered and redecored the historic great State coach prepared for Queen Victoria's Jubilee carriage, and built the Coronation State

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BETTER**



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£398  
DUNLOP TYRES FITTED**

DIFFERENT because it is better, and better because it is different. So may one describe the Riley "Chatsworth" Saloon. Because it gives better performance, greater comfort, extreme reliability, and possesses long life, it is different from the average car. Because it is individual in design, colouring, and beauty, it pleases and promotes a pride of possession that definitely makes it a better car. One that is different from all others.

**RILEY (COVENTRY) LTD., COVENTRY**  
and 42 NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1



Extract from "The Muswell Hill Record"  
15. 10. '26

## SMASH IN COLNEY HATCH LANE.

### TWO CARS MEET IN HEAD-ON COLLISION.

There was an alarming accident in Colney Hatch-lane at one of the several dangerous corners for which that thoroughfare is famous on Tuesday morning.

A big Ford lorry owned by [redacted] Supplies, Ltd., was proceeding northwards and a [redacted] Grey car was travelling in the opposite direction.

The two cars met head-on; there was a crash of glass as both windscreens smashed, and the driver of the [redacted] and a boy on the Ford were thrown out and injured.

A minute or two afterwards Dr. [redacted] passed along in his car, and he promptly rendered first aid to one of the injured, whose wrist was badly cut and bleeding profusely.

The driver and owner of the [redacted] car was Mr. H. [redacted] of [redacted] Hornsey, who sustained five severed nerves and cut muscles of the left hand. He was conveyed to Dr. [redacted] of [redacted] house-road, and subsequently to the Royal Northern Hospital. After treatment he was allowed to go home, where he is still in bed.

The boy was George Smith, who received cuts on the back of his head. Dr. [redacted] allowed him to go home after the wounds had been dressed.

## CUT BY SPLINTERED GLASS

FROM "The Motor," 24th May, 1927. Speaking of Triplex: "The greatest risk in the event of a collision is of severe cuts caused by fragments of broken glass, and any invention which prevents pieces of glass becoming detached in the event of a fracture is of vital importance in increasing the factor of safety in motoring."

Are you still exposing your passengers to this grave risk? Be warned in time.

**DON'T BE PUT OFF—**

*Get "Triplex" and be Safe*

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Kennington Service

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Awarded Grand Prix, Brussels, 1926.



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14/40 h.p. Coach-built Saloon

**£425**

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Trial Runs Arranged.  
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Two or Four Seater £210. 4 Wheel Brakes. 55 m.p.h. 40 m.p.g., and in addition the 10 h.p. Swift has an enviable name for reliability, sturdiness of construction and distinguished appearance. The 1927 Swifts represent the finest value in British motor-cars, for they are "quality" productions in every detail.

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## BROWNING ON BRIDGE: CCV.

## AN AMERICAN TOURNAMENT HAND.

OUR Bridge Declaring and Playing Hand No. 77 is particularly interesting to me personally, as I saw it played in America when I was there, and for that reason alone it carries pleasant memories. When played it was considered such a good example in clever defence that it was put into tournament play. (They are great on tournaments in America.) It is worth recording that when the hand actually occurred the defence made was correct, yet when it was set up in tournament form, not more than 2 per cent. made the correct play—a high compliment to the original player of the hand in question. As stated, the feature of the hands lies in defence, which is another reason why the problem appeals to me: I always look upon that play by defenders as the more important, and, indeed, the more interesting part of the game—perhaps it would be as well if other players were to view this affair in the same light.

The four hands were—

SPADES—Q, 9, 2.

HEARTS—Q, 2.

CLUBS—K, Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7, 3.

DIAMONDS—5.

B

SPADES—7.

HEARTS—Kn, 9, 8.

CLUBS—A, 2.

DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, 9, 8.

Y

[7, 4, 3.

SPADES—5, 4, 3.

HEARTS—A, K, 10, 7, 5, 4, 3.

CLUBS—None.

DIAMONDS—A, K, Q.

A

SPADES—A, K, Kn, 10.

HEARTS—6. [8, 6.

CLUBS—Q, 6, 5, 4.

DIAMONDS—6, 2.

Score: love-all. A dealer. The bidding was: A, two hearts. Now, as you know, I am no believer in the original opening bid of two—in fact, I consider it the worst possible opening call. However, they like it in America, and they like it over here, too. Frankly, I am rapidly coming to the conclusion that I am about the only bridge-player who does *not* like it; for all that, I still maintain that it is a hopelessly bad declaration. Y made no bid. (Personally, I would have bid three diamonds, because on anything possible I always make a point of bidding against an opening two call.) B passed, wisely refraining from taking his partner out into clubs—a temptation which many players on this holding could not have resisted; and Z bid three spades. A good call this. With at least seven losers in his hand, Z did not want to be forced up too high in spades, and he hoped that three spades might closure opposition calling. A, of course, bid four hearts, thus proving the futility of his original call—he had better have bid the four at once, and have done with it, which bid, with luck, would have closed the calling. A, B, and Z passed. Here I think Z was lacking in courage. It certainly would have been asking a lot of his partner to fill in the gaps; but still, there was a prospect of A calling on, and there were 72 honours (80 in America) to go against possible loss, and a game to be saved; still, this Z thought it wise to pass. The contract, then, was four hearts undoubled.

Y led the seven of spades, B played the two, Z the ten, and A the three. Next, Z led the king of spades, A the four, Y discarded the two of clubs, and B played the nine of spades. Then Z led the ace of

spades, A played the five, and the question was, what should Y discard? There would seem to be no problem involved here. YZ have won three tricks, and the ace of clubs would seem to be a certainty for the game-saving trick. But a thoughtful Y will note that nine clubs are in sight—seven in dummy and two in his own hand—so it is just possible that A has no club at all. Now, the first consideration of defenders is to save the game for certain if they can, and this Y, being an astute player, saw that if he threw his ace of clubs; then, if his partner led a club, which he could hardly fail to do, the game must be saved, no matter what A plays. Further, there is nothing really to be gained by holding on to this ace, unless A has a club, and but one honour in his trump suit. This distribution could only occur if A had made an indefensible call of four hearts; and no player has the right to assume that contingency in the hope of making an extra, and practically valueless, trick. Y accordingly discarded his ace of clubs, and A was one down on his contract.

Lady Wavertree's exhibition lawn-tennis matches in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association are now an annual event, this being the seventh time that Lady Wavertree has organised the entertainment. This year it takes place on July 4, and is certain to be as delightful a function as ever. Miss Helen Wills, Señorita de Alvarez, Mrs. Godfree, Miss Ryan, Mr. Tilden, Mr. Lacoste, and Mr. Borotra are only a few of the stars who have promised to take part. Tickets, 25s. each, including tea, are obtainable from Lady Wavertree, Sussex Lodge, Regent's Park, or from Lady Frripp, 19, Portland Place.



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## LEMON SQUASH

Made from finest Messina lemons

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—and there's Schweppes Orange Squash, too!

WILLS

THE HUMANE GARDEN GUIDE... Part

### Use of the Hose ~

A common fault with amateur gardeners is the indiscriminate use of the hose.

On no account should a garden be watered in the hot sun. It is far more advisable to use the hose at a later hour of the day.

172





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Its makers, throughout a quarter of a century of manufacture, have never wavered from one fixed aim and purpose—to make Cadillac the leader of the world's fine cars in each and every phase of motoring.

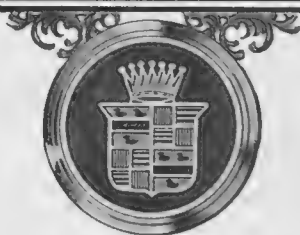
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# CADILLAC



## AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

### "THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOUR."

UNDER the direction of Graham Cutts, Noel Coward's romantic comedy takes the screen with much splendour and some gallantry. It contains all the ingredients that go to the making of a good film: romance, impetuous youth, humour and tears, courage and sacrifice, a lovely queen and a princely lover—all the things that are of eternal stuff. The mixture never stales when well made, and Noel Coward has mixed his ingredients with a master hand. Some of the wit and charm of the play has survived the perils of transplantation. Some of it, not all. It will be remembered that Nadja, Princess of the Kingdom of Krayia, escaped from an unhappy wedded life and the uncongenial air of palaces to the pleasures of Paris. Here she really lived and truly loved, only to be recalled to duty and a throne by the assassination of the King of Krayia. So poor Nadja had to fling aside her toys and her fun and her true love, to face a discontented people, a marriage for State reasons, and finally a revolution. Though the man she loved emerged from the shadows of the past for a few brief hours, his death wrote finis beneath the romance of Nadja's life and left her a woman, deep in understanding, to seek a new life and a new courage with an equally disillusioned, equally enlightened Consort.

The theme, with its colour and movement, lends itself well to lavish treatment, and has received it. No expense has been

spared, as the saying goes. In Krayia, in Switzerland, in Paris, everything, from costumes to cushions, from pearls to passions, is superlative. Nadja and her lover, Sabien, romp and love and suffer with equal intensity. The settings are sumptuous, the mutinous mob most painstakingly dissatisfied. What it all lacks is sincerity. It seems to me to be over-produced. Every emotion, gay or sad, is underlined. And in no case is this more marked than in that of Nadja, the most important part of the play. Miss Lila Damita is very pretty and utterly artificial. She either has no personal inspiration at all or she has not been able to stand up against the producer's demands for "registering" emotions. When, in the midnight tête-à-tête with her lover, the two unhappy young people keep up a pretence of high spirits across a dainty dinner-table, her smiles come on and off her face as if worked from a switchboard, and her whole performance struck me as being thus controlled. Often lovely to look at, she is never a Queen. That may be because she persists in wearing the weirdest garments ever created for mortal woman. Paul Richter, immaculately groomed, does better as Sabien; and Harry Leidtke, though he falls short of Herbert Marshall's inimitable quiet humour, strikes the most human and the most sympathetic note as a bluff Prince Keri. Far more could have been made of the revolutionary crowd in the Palace square. Their threatening attitude was too unanimous to be ominous. Fine camera-work, careful detail, beautiful as well as ambitious staging, but withal a lack of spontaneity, without which the human note can never be sounded such

is my impression of this new Graham Cutts production.

### "PUPPETS."

A strongly dramatic story runs through this First National picture, starring Milton Sills. It could have stood by itself without the oft-repeated symbolism of human puppets pulled by the strings of Fate. Yet the analogy between the hero's little marionettes, wherewith he gains his livelihood in peace time, and the characters of the actual drama is skilfully worked out. It adds, too, a picturesque note which lifts the tale of war havoc out of the ordinary rut.

Nicki Riccoboni, a denizen of New York's Little Italy, is called away from his puppet theatre and his domestic felicity by the trumpets of war. Life in the trenches and the horrors of bombardment are shown with the effect and grim realism to which one is becoming inured. Nicki emerges deaf. He returns home to find that a rival has been making bad use of his absence and is stealing his young wife from him. Counting on Nicki's deafness, the lover pleads his own cause quite openly, until he realises with dismay that the man he is betraying has suddenly regained his hearing. All this is quite naturally and forcefully told. The final climax, with its more melodramatic note of fire and rescue, followed by a doubtful promise of renewed happiness for husband and wife, rounds off the story well, if rather conventionally.

Milton Sills plays the Italian hero with strength and sincerity. He is "partnered" by Gertrude Olmsted, who brings sympathy and understanding to the part of the wife. Not a great film, but at any rate an interesting and well-acted human story.

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To be deaf and to hide one's handicap was, until the introduction of the "Shellacon," practically an impossibility. But what a wonderful change made to the outlook of those who are using it now! Those who are using it no longer do they creep into their shells, so to speak, on the advent of company, no longer do they reduce invitations to social gatherings, to bridge parties, to concerts and theatrical performances. They enjoy life as others do; they move about among friends and strangers free from the persistent anxiety of causing offence by having to repeatedly ask for repetition of words and sentences. They are relieved of the

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nervous strain that deafness imposes; they have left behind the embarrassment that is inseparable from making apparently stupid mistakes. They are forgetting their deafness, so unobtrusive is the "Shellacon" of its existence.

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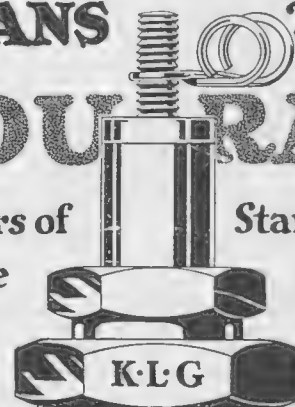
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June 1927



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driving a

## BENTLEY

for 1,480 miles at 61½ m.p.h.

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K.L.G.s are standard equipment on the BENTLEY car. When performance is the primary consideration before price, the makers turn, naturally, to K.L.G.

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## The Mysterious Cypher

**Dr. Watson:** "But Holmes, whatever can it mean? Surely you can gather nothing from a mere slip of paper bearing only the large capital letters L.C.W.D."

**Sherlock Holmes:** "Perfectly simple, my dear Watson. The four big letters obviously stand for the Big Four, and since they are 'capital' they can only represent The Capital Big Four. Which you know, my dear Watson, means Chrysler, Wolseley, Lagonda and Darracq."

**Dr. Watson:** "Marvellous deduction! But whence does the cypher emanate?"

**Sherlock Holmes:** "Really, Watson, you surprise me—from Eustace Watkins, Ltd., of course. They are the firm from which these splendid cars can be obtained."

**Dr. Watson:** "A Bond Street firm, I believe?"

**Sherlock Holmes:** "To be precise, my dear Watson, 91, New Bond Street, 50, Berkeley Street, and King Street, Maidstone, Kent."

What is the Great London-Maidstone Mystery? Who is the mysterious Lady "X," and what happened before she recovered her memory?

Write for free copy of the "Illustrated Motor News."

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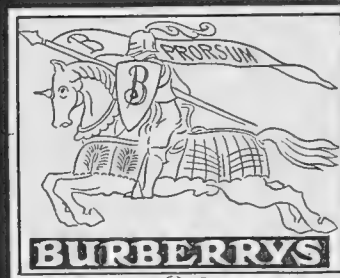
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## NOVEL NOTES.

FLIES. By BARONESS VON HUTTEN. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d.)

The worldly cheerfulness of the short stories in "Flies" is very engaging. They are mainly about women—plucky women, predatory women, even murderous women. The title-story is a concise study of the single woman who cannot afford to be particular, and so commits herself to an impersonation that turns out, it must be admitted, much more pleasantly than she deserves. Baroness von Hutten has this way with her; she is kindly to the underdog. "The Tablecloth" has a poor old worn-out Italian waiter for its hero: realists would have left him to die in a ditch, but here a happy issue out of disaster is devised for him. All the stories are excellently turned, and all equally to be commended to people who appreciate light work that has nothing meretricious about it.

THE VERDICT OF THE SEA. By ALAN SULLIVAN. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.)

A straightforward story of love and piracy and stolen jewels is a real find, especially when it takes place at the present day, and period effects are not laboured in the setting. "The Verdict of the Sea" follows Stevensonian precedent by putting the wrong crew aboard the *Valencia*; but Alan Sullivan has his own trick for getting it off again. There is plenty of action, and a splendid fight when the diamond-stealers attempt to scupper the master and mate. The voyage to a tropical latitude is in the best style of sea adventure. Mr. Sullivan divides the honours (and the girls) between two resourceful young men, who outwit villainy

by brain and muscle respectively. A master mariner, appealed to for a professional opinion, gives us his word for it that the nautical details are uncommonly shipshape and Bristol fashion.

THE INN IN THE VALLEY. By KATHARINE PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE. (Heinemann; 6s.)

The valley is in the Pyrenees, where the Latin passion for the soil finds acute expression. "The Inn in the Valley" is the family affair of the Hurons, in whom the mountaineer and the lowlander types were intermingled. The Hurons had certain things in common; but between Michel, whose spirit was held by the mountains, and Hortense, whose ambition was a hotel for the tourists, there was a wide divergence of ideals. The method of Katharine Pleydell-Bouverie is temperate and deliberate; she advances step by step as she works out the fight for the valley. She has a strong sense of artistic values, and her picture of this Pyrenean family, so single-minded, so tenacious, so steady in nerve and purpose, is an exemplary composition. "The Inn in the Valley," in fact, is a work of distinction.

THE THREE ROYAL MONKEYS. By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Faber and Gwyer; 3s. 6d.)

"The Three Royal Monkeys" is "The Three Mullamulgars" in a popular edition, with its title translated for the better enlightenment of the simple. It is illustrated by J. A. Shepherd, who is, of course, just the man to deal with Thumb, Thimble, and Nod. He is *not* guilty of the cover, where the three monkeys appear with tails—an inexcusable carelessness on the part of the artist. Mr. de la Mare's subtleties are never without meaning, and when he

made his monkeys tailless, he knew very well what he was about. This is not a children's story, though children will read and delight in it; to explore a fable, dimly and deliciously adventuring into mystery, is one of the privileges of the child. Older people will perceive a poet wandering hand-in-hand with certain friends (who might have had tails, but had not) through lands of terror and beauty.

## CHARTER PARTIES.

(Continued from Page 645.)

sick when he had told him that he wanted a passage in the *Moidore*.

Would Doris really mind awfully? Poor kids! He was fond of them, even when he was tired and worried in the evenings, and they made such a beastly row. Always he had lived with crowds of people. Crowds in the streets, crowds on the beach at Margate, all the chaps in the office; but now he was all alone, nothing but this awful green water everywhere. There was that chap at the bookstall who had let him have a magazine on tick. He had always paid his debts, but now no one would ever pay for it. He was all alone and terrified and sick. He could swim quite well at Margate, but this was different, and he was so tired—so tired, and waiting for death all alone.

And then another great wave took him and bore him up, up out of the green death, up into the warm sunlight, and there, quite close, he saw the little white town. There were little men running down to the beach, and other men busied about a queer-shaped boat, all of them dressed in funny, bright-coloured clothes. He even thought that he could hear them shouting. The sky was very blue and the little houses all so white.

Spain was very near; Tudwall was happy at last. [THE END.]

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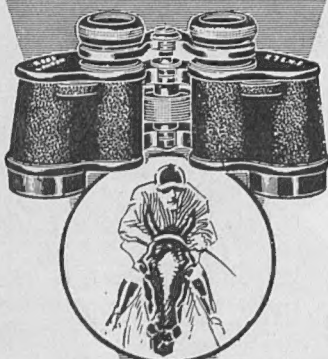
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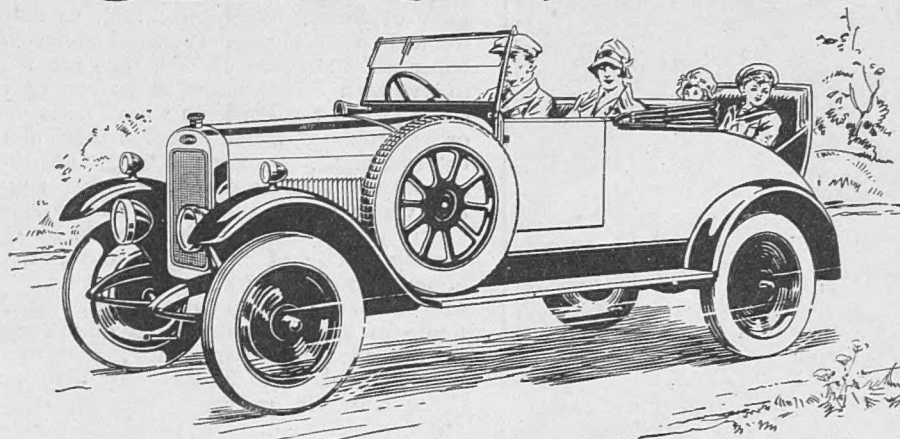
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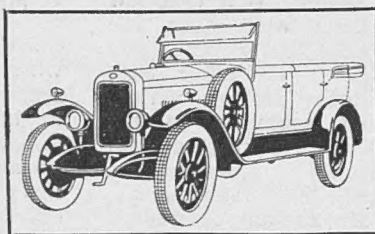
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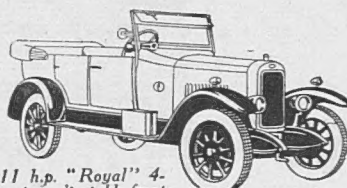


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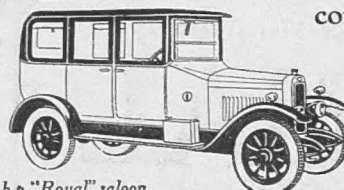
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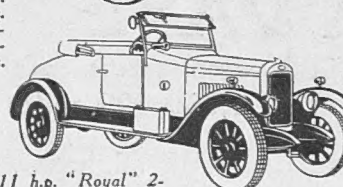
11 h.p. 4-seater. Adjustable front seat. 2 wide doors. Coachwork—Blue—Grey. £172 10s.



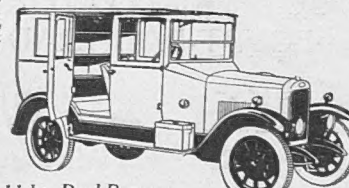
11 h.p. "Royal" 4-seater, adjustable front seat. 4 wide doors. Leather upholstery. Coachwork—Royal Blue. £199 10s.



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## CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

(Continued from Page 536.)

professor—one of Mr. J. H. Roberts's choicest morsels of characterisation—holds

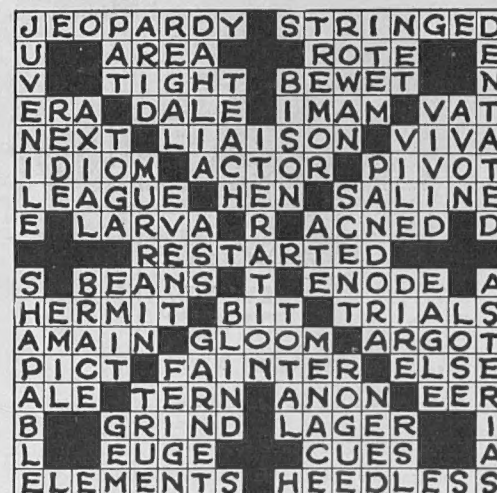


AFTER THE CEREMONY AT THE NEW WEST END SYNAGOGUE: MR. STUART DAVIS AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS BEATRICE DRAGE. The marriage of Miss Beatrice Drage, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drage, of Hampstead, to Mr. Stuart Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Davis, was celebrated recently at the New West End Synagogue, St. Petersburg Place, W.2. The bride's father, Mr. Sydney Drage, is a director of the well-known firm, David Drage and Sons, Ltd., of High Holborn.

Photograph by Valentine.

with the French saying: "Chassez le naturel il revient au galop." A brawl brings Wild-Cat Hetty to the house. She is the Pygmalion-lady of the lower plane. She is a regular fury, with language to match, although she spares us the big "B." Stephen will reform, educate, uplift her; the professor says—"Try and see." Then we go through the regeneration process according to formula: Better clothes, better manners, better English. But all that is mere veneer: Hetty remains a Wild Cat—kind of heart, impetuous; and, as she is imbued with such stuff as kinema sentimentality is made of, she, who has fallen in love with Stephen, and is jealous of the other girl in the house to whom he is more or less engaged, bursts into his room at the dead of night. "Take me body and soul," she says, and as he demurs, she kicks up a row which brings the family on the scene. Then Hetty tries to make amends by concocting a tale of a burglar, and Stephen is much touched by her contrition. She also somehow gets round the professor and (more or less) convinces him of the error of his theories of heredity; and finally Stephen proposes marriage—God help him! What a life in prospect—with a girl who remains inherently common and whose temper is as hot as Hades. If it were not farce, one could have wept over the young man's future. As it was, the audience took kindly to the affair, and, thanks to Miss Dorothy Minto's acting, there were amusing moments in the play, which is wholly of the stage stagey. Miss Minto is the ideal representative of the gutter-snipe. She reminds one of the heroines of Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets" in all they stand for in the elementary archaicism

of human nature. She looks the Cockney; she conveys her humour; she flares up like an explosion in passion, anon to collapse in tears and wails that seem to come right from the heart. And yet there is much more in Miss Minto than this monochord of characterisation. She



THE SOLUTION TO THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE IN OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 22

combines the gifts of the comedienne with those of the emotional actress. If somebody would only write a play for her to bring this out in fulness! Mr. Paul Cavanagh, at first a little too phlegmatic, warmed up as the action see-sawed from the sheer farcical to the sentimental. He was excellent in the final love-scene—sincere yet never exuberant: "convincing," as the average playgoer calls it. J. T. G.

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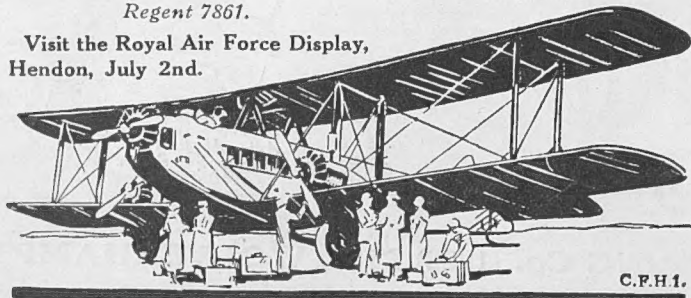
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## CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FAMOUS CITY HALL.

"THERE'S one advantage in being too far away to hear the speeches of the High and Mighties," said The First Member. "We can at least talk in peace. I can't hear a word that chap's saying."

His guest abandoned the attempt to listen to "that chap"—one of the best-known Cabinet Ministers of the present day, and addressed himself to strawberries and pineapple.

"He is beautifully dressed, anyway," observed The Second Member. "I never saw a dinner-coat better cut."

"Well, look at his figure. Sort of thing it would pay any tailor to hang clothes on. Now, my poor old corp—"

Rounds of applause drowned his plaintive regret, and the toastmaster, with stentorian dignity, summoned the gathering to its feet.

The concealed lighting began to glow upon the Cambridge-blue squares of the ceiling, and brought out the quaint beauty of the numerous coats-of-arms that hung around the beautiful hall. Behind the Warden, the company's array of plate glittered in shining rows.

"I promised not to talk shop," said The First Member to his guest. "And I'm not going to. But you've been very right about Bengal Iron."

"Yes, haven't they gone up? Wish I'd bought myself some shares when I was telling you I had the tip from Calcutta."

"Where the sweep comes from," added his neighbour. "Where does one get a list of the drawings, by the way?"

"I haven't the foggiest. Probably some of the Indian banks may know; but I've always understood that the full details are not published until the autumn."

"Funny thing, isn't it, that there should be so little known about the particulars of a gamble that the whole world goes wild over every spring?"

"Believe me or believe me not"—The First Member cuddled his glass affectionately—

"Is that what you call the double-option?"

"No, Sir. I'm not offering you the put-and-call of my port. But what I maintain is that these sweepstakes prove how popular a Government Lottery Loan would be."

"People have been saying the same thing for years, and here are you, at a company dinner, talking as though you'd had a brain-wave. Pooh!"

The guest picked up one of the pink roses that had fallen out of its vase and replaced it.

"As the Government now recognise betting, by imposing the Betting Tax, I suppose we are getting nearer the day when National Lottery Loans will be re-established. There used to be such things in bygone days, didn't there?"

The Second Member said he believed so, but he wasn't quite sure.

A waiter, bending over the table with a basin of castor-sugar, made a whispered reference to the Napoleonic war-times.

"Gambling is inherent in the breast of every man."

"Why limit the sex?"

"I speak generically, and for the human race. The Stock Exchange would have to close its doors if it weren't for the speculations of the ladies."

"What rubbish you talk! My dear old chap, mix Worcester sauce and soda. Ladies are speculators and gamblers, I grant you; but to speak about their business as essential to the maintenance of the Stock Exchange—"

"You are talking rather rot, you know, dear old boy. It's men's business that keeps the Stock Exchange going."

"And what are the men doing?" side-tracked the author of the *faux pas*.

"They're a bit nonplussed, as things are at present. The rubber outlook is brighter—that's one blessing."

"Is anything worth buying in that market?"

"If you're prepared to sit on it, I should say yes. But we shall see ups and downs. Bound to, with America commanding the situation."

"Won't America be commanded by her own requirements? I mean to say, she's got to have rubber, and lots of it, for the motor industry. The reclaimed stuff can't last for ever, and the hand-to-mouth buying policy let down the American manufacturer pretty badly three years ago."

The Second Member agreed. "You never know," said he, as safely as enigmatically. "Keep your good rubber shares," he counselled, "and hope for the best with the others."

"In other words, stick to the lot."

"That's what it comes to. One of these days, the same old story will be repeated, and there'll be another famine in rubber—another boom in rubber shares."

"A good dinner always makes for optimism. 'Sh! Here's a toast."

They stood up to drink it.

"I'll give you one of my own," said the guest, as they resumed their seats. "Gentlemen, pray charge your glasses."

The others looked at him quizzically.

"Here's my toast, and you can honour it in silence—"

"A Bundle of Certificates!"

"No flowers—by request," added The Second Member sadly.

Friday, June 24, 1927.

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